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WOODSTOCK LETTERS

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A MISSIONARY TRIP IN SOUTH DAKOTA.

St. Louis University,
St. Louis, Mo.

Reverend, dear Father Editor:—P. C.

In response to your repeated request for items of interest concerning our South Dakota Missions among the Sioux Indians, I submit the following paper. It is a description of a missionary trip, which I had occasion to read here in St. Louis not long since.

I have chosen a missionary trip in South Dakota as the subject of this paper for several reasons. Journeys of this sort are seldom described in detail and so it is comparatively rare that we get anything like an adequate idea of what the travelling missionary's life is like. Still, the interest and perhaps the instructive value of many a missionary experience, of which all of us have frequent occasion to read or hear, will be enhanced by an intelligent appreciation of a modern apostolic journey. With this purpose kept in mind you will understand why I have entered into numerous details that are not absolutely essential. They are all a part of the trip; and while I hope the narrative will be in no wise monotonous, still, should a portion of it appear so to some, they will, perhaps, be better able to realize how much more monotonous it is to make a trip in South Dakota than it is to listen to the story of one.

I must apologize for the prominence, throughout this narrative, of the first person. I could have thrown together a number of incidents, accidents and adventures that have happened to the missionaries on their journeys, but the resulting story would not have been that of one

journey; it would have failed to give a correct idea of the average, everyday, ordinary missionary trip in South Dakota. Hence I judged it would be at least more profitable, to narrate what happened on one of the trips I was fortunate enough to make myself.

My first acquaintance with the Reservation was rather characteristic. July 1st, 1913, I jumped off the train at Crookston, Nebraska, at half past two in the morning and saw nothing but two or three other passengers, who vanished in the dark, and a small railroad station, with a lone lantern throwing a circle of light about the door. Pondering upon the possible fate of my trunk, I strolled out into the country to the distance of almost a block and found said trunk dumped off into the mud. It was there and that was all I wanted. Retracing my steps I began to wonder how I should spend the time till daybreak when from out of the darkness there appeared the short, stocky figure of a man, (a workman, to judge by his apparel) his face browned by exposure to the weather and his eyes gleaming. He looked at me inquiringly and I at him. A few questions and answers and we had discovered one another. What a joy! He was Brother Hinderhofer, of St. Francis Mission, the little shoemaker, who despite his well nigh sixty years, never walks but simply goes at a near-trot most of the time; the little human dynamo, who does the work of two or three and is always looking for more. I raced after him blindly across the tracks to our house. This I found to be a small one-story, frame building, with a large, central room, which on occasions was used as a chapel, a tiny kitchen and three bed rooms for the convenience of the Mission freighters and of roaming Jesuits. Learning that Father Jutz, the founder of the three Indian Missions, Fr. Digmann and Brother Dreier had returned a few hours before from the Silver Jubilee celebration at Holy Rosary Mission and were then occupying the house, I decided to remain out of doors. In justice to the little Brother I must say that he literally implored me to take his couch for the hour or two that remained while he would sleep on the floor. But I was interested and determined to witness the dawn and sunrise in these strange surroundings.

Crookston is a wee bit of a town nestling in a pocket of the sandhills. It has three or four streets each about four blocks long and end at the foot of the hills, which cut off the view on three sides. Several stores had signs not only in English but also in Lakota-Sioux.

At half past four the Fathers and Brothers were up and about, and by five we were on the road, five or six of us packed together on a spring wagon. On and on we drove through the chill morning air, the great vault of the heavens above us—with some truth it can be called such in these parts—and the endless plains stretching on all sides to the very horizon. I have never seen the ocean but I have often thought that the prairies must resemble it very closely in some respects. Not a fence, not a tree, at times not even a cow to be seen; just sky and plains and plains and sky. By 7:30 o'clock we had covered the eighteen miles to the Mission and were at Mass in the church. I had reached my destination at last.

Here, then, at St. Francis Mission I was to spend the summer. But it should not be useless, I thought. I would learn something of missionary life before returning to the haunts of the paleface. I made no secret of my longing for a bit of real experience. Hence it was a genuine satisfaction when one day Father Goll bade me welcome on his next trip, which, he said, would be one of the most comfortable sort and not too difficult for the tenderfoot that I was. By nine o'clock of the eventful day we were off in a spring wagon well loaded with the requisites for Holy Mass, with blankets, overcoats, raincoats, feed for the horses and a small satchel of bread and canned meat to supply our wants in case of special need.

Right here at the beginning it will be well to a add a word of explanation with regard to the Reservation roads. Occasionally, for fairly long periods during the summer months, some of them are as good as the average country roads anywhere. Many, on the other hand, hardly deserve the name at all. There is almost always something the matter with them. If during the summer a dry spell continues for more than the ordinary length of time—which is usually the case—the dust and "chuck" holes are a distressing feature. The sandy "gumbo" soil seems particularly adapted to dust form as it is to that of mud. Frequent wind storms add to the disagreeableness of the situation. More than once I have been on the road when the horses' heads or the front of our little Ford were scarcely visible through the clouds of dust, and this not for a moment only, but off and on for hours. Only last summer I was with an expert chauffeur on the Rosebud Reservation when he had to put on low to plough *down* hill through wind

and dust. It was last July (1919), too, that about ten miles of the road from Crookston to St. Francis were covered with a layer of sand not less than four to six inches in depth. A similar condition prevailed for two months or more on the thirty-mile Rushville-Pine Ridge road. The "chuck" holes fill with dust and to bump into them unexpectedly with machine or wagon is never a pleasant experience. Evidently, then, the Reservation roads are no boulevards even when they are level. In winter conditions are much worse. The "gumbo" soil, as it is called, quite common at Pine Ridge, is extraordinarily sticky, and one need not travel far to have the wheels of his vehicle re-tired with six inches of mud. Brother Berendt, our Holy Rosary Mission farmer, pointed out a stretch of road to me one summer's day where, during the winter, the Mission freighters spent two hours getting over half a mile. It looked perfectly innocent at the time—a slight dip in the road—but the brother assured me that even where the way is quite level a ten-minute rain will oftentimes render it almost too slippery for the horses to get a firm foothold. It frequently happens, indeed, that these freight wagons have to be abandoned and left standing in the road for days at a time, until the weather is such as to make their removal to the Mission possible. It is a credit to the Indians to be able to state that nothing is ever missing from these wagons, though they remain unguarded; the Red Man is not quite as bad as he is sometimes made out to be.

These little items are quite worth keeping in mind when reading of missionary journeys. Though seldom mentioned they are by no means inconsiderable for the missionary who has to be on the road the greater part of the year and to cover from ten to forty or fifty miles in a day. I pass over other difficulties, hills, streams, etc., or we shall not get very far on this present expedition.

On a Thursday morning in July, then, Father Goll and I set forth. For an hour or two the road carried us over gently rolling prairie land until we approached the Little White River, where the landscape grew more rugged and varied, the hills higher and the roads steep and winding. We reached the river, however, without serious inconvenience, followed its course through a heavy growth of trees and underbrush—rare enough phenomena in this country—crossed a frail, rustic bridge, in appearance very uninviting, and climed over

a difficult and rocky hill road that finally brought us once again to the prairies.

Then the first real obstacle began to threaten. The clouded sky, rumblings of distant thunder and an occasional flash of lightening were evident warnings of an approaching storm; so we pushed on rapidly, keeping a sharp lookout meanwhile for any stray hut that might serve as a protection against the violence of wind and rain. Fortunately we espied the rude log house of an Indian, perched high on the crest of hills opposite and made for it with all speed. A few brief words in Lakota—then we hastily unloaded our wagon, unhitched the horses and sought shelter under a miserable porch of this "home" in the wilderness. The family was not Catholic but received us willingly. I turned a moment later to look up the broad valley we had just crossed.

The scene was one of desolate magnificence, a fit setting for the ravings of old Lear. Up and down, as far as the eye could see, stretched a great, ragged range of hills, and from above slowly approached the immense cloud that would soon envelope us. Like vast sails of gray gauze, bellying in the wind, the sheets of rain were driven toward us down the valley. Nearer and nearer they came, plainly visible long before they were felt, until at last the full fury on the tempest was upon us. Lightning flashed, thunder rolled and echoed in the heavens, the rain fell in torrents about our lonely silent refuge. Scarcely a word was spoken by the Redskins and it was a genuine relief when, after half a hour, we were enabled to continue our journey. On and on we drove, over miles of treeless country, without meeting a living soul or scarce a sample of human habitation. At last, near two o'clock we reached the home of a faithful "parishioner," our half way station, where the horses were fed and we refreshed with a luncheon, such as it was: red beans, damp crackers and black coffee. But hunger is an excellent appetizer; so we did our duty well. Our host's residence was a neat, single-story frame building, one of the better class of Indian homes, and his barn was substantial and well supplied. Altogether he seemed fairly prosperous.

At three o'clock we again set forth, determined, if possible, to reach our destination before dark. Again we drove on and on toward the setting sun over rolling prairies that seemed limitless. Again and again we descended into the trough of a great land-wave, wondering what a variety of landscape, if any, lay hidden be-

yond the crest before us; and repeatedly there would unfold before our eyes the very same prospect of sky and endless plains.

But all things are changeable here below, even directions, and we finally changed ours. We turned the "old boat" down one of the troughs—without, however, being submerged by a broadside—and were "floating" along gaily, when the sun began to frown on us hideously. No wonder! Over the hill to our right hung a long, black, curling monster that seemed quite capable of spouting a lively little tornado. Raincoats were donned in haste, the whip cracked a few times and our race was on. Shelter and hospitality were not far distant, we knew, but we must reach them betimes or our plans would be frustrated. We won that race, be it said to the credit of our faithful ponies, we won by about two seconds. For, horses, supplies and men were scarcely under cover when for the second time that day the floodgates of the heavens were opened. But what cared we now for torrents or hurricanes! We have struck a haven, indeed. The Houlihans—God bless them!—received us with open arms, and their neat, cozy little home, good to look upon and better to enter into, was more welcome far than a royal palace for hospitality and snug comfort. So we sat and chatted (though the wind seemed almost bent upon blowing us all away) happy to see old friends and new, and thankful for what had appeared a piece of undiluted hard luck. In an hour the sun was beaming as if it had played us a benevolent trick and we were off for the fourth time following hard on the Rosebud trail. Up hill and down we rolled, and prayed and talked and mused and landed, finally, about dusk, at the home of a mixed-blood Indian, where we were to stay the night and have Mass next morning for all the faithful who could attend. We had travelled forty miles that day and were a bit tired and hungry but happy for a' that, for were we not about our Father's business? I don't remember what supper consisted of, probably because we were ready for anything and accepted it gladly when it was offered. At any rate, the meal done with, we settled down in our room, the best of three or four, made inquiries about the family and the neighbors and arranged for the morrow's service.

I was not profoundly impressed with the cleanliness and trim appearance of our surroundings, for these qualities happened not to be there to produce such effect. True, this home was better than a very large number of

others, yet the faded and semi-dilapidated furniture and the rooms, generally, looked as if they had been left in a state of disarray some thirty years before and had just been rediscovered. Hospitality? Oh, yes. No people on earth is more generous than the Indian and gladly does he put all he has at the disposal of his guest, no matter at what hour of the day or night the latter may show up. And the missionary must perforce accept or go on record as a man without the semblance of courtesy or good breeding. The "blind eye", then, and a tough epidermis are invaluable assets to one who would be an apostle among these people. But, thank God, with some patience and fortitude these little accomplishments can be acquired, developed and made ready for service when needed. We needed them more than once on this journey, as will be seen, although it was one of the more comfortable sort.

Reference to courtesy and good breeding may seem strange in speaking of these so-called savages. Yet I feel that oftentimes the white man may learn a lesson from them in this respect. For the Indians have a rigid etiquette of their own, which is carefully observed, especially among the older generation, who have not been spoiled by too much contact with Protestantism and the van of white civilization. There is no such thing as a curse in the Indian language; the Red Man will never take the name of God in vain, unless he has heard the expression from such as are civilized. He has a keen sense of humor and among his friends is by no means the stoic that one might imagine. But when he speaks of God or sacred things, the genuine, old-time Sioux invariably does so with deep and unfeigned reverence that one cannot help but notice and admire.

I tried my hand, in the course of the evening, at instructing three youngsters for confession and Holy Communion. Here was a test. As is the case likewise among the whites, children who have done nothing till their eighth or ninth grade but eat, sleep and play; who have run wild with no care but of their bodies, are not remarkably precocious in an intellectual way. It was to three of this kind that I tried to teach the elements of religion. They had never been to school, at least not to the Mission schools, for some good reason which I have forgotten (perhaps it was ill health) and they knew nothing, therefore, of the supernatural. After three quarters of an hour of patient, persevering endeavor, after recourse to every expedient at my com-

mand, I thought that they had received some faint notion of the existence of God, of creation, the fall of the first parents, the Incarnation, etc., and they being restless after their first lesson, I desisted, trusting in a future opportunity to build up on this rather poor beginning. Judging from this later and more abundant experience I would rate the Indian but slightly, if at all inferior to his palefaced brother in point of intelligence. Give him the same time, attention and opportunities and he will, I am sure, bear out this estimate.

About ten o'clock the master of the house, who had been a not-uninteresting companion all the evening, withdrew and left us to our prayers and rest for the night. We retired—but not in the ordinary sense of the word. There was a bed for us, but we preferred to be superficial on this occasion and not to delve beneath the surface of things. Our "blindness" and toughness had not been sufficiently developed as yet, and—we knew that human beings were usually not the sole occupants of the homes we had to visit. So minus shoes and with coats for covering we threw ourselves on our couch and slept like logs till the dawn of day. I awoke to find Father Goll far afield, deep in meditation. I could not bring myself to wash from the only basin in sight and there was a forbidding dog not far from the pump with which this piece of property was somewhat supplied. I screwed up my courage, at last, however, and got a bit of fresh water; but the basin I did not touch.

Then came the long stretch of morning, the most difficult portion of the missionary's daily routine. Not a soul was astir as yet, and the day being clear and fresh, we could saunter in the open to make our meditation without disturbance. Next to demand our attention was the portable altar, about the size of a suitcase, which we set up on a table with all that is necessary for Mass near at hand. This done, my work for the time being was over with, and I could only make the best of the two or three hours that remained. The Indians drifted in leasurely, prepared for confession, some of them, and received the Sacrament of Penance. It was ten o'clock before we had Mass, about the usual hour on these mission trips. Holy Communion was distributed to some of those present, a sermon preached and the congregation disbanded to their homes.

I do not remember the breakfast that morning. It was a tolerable sample of a Friday meal, served at about eleven o'clock, but I closed one eye (figuratively, of course) while eating, for again, a want of cleanliness

made the food decidedly unattractive. Still, unable to refuse and encouraged by my more mortified companion, I fell to with hearty good grace and, as may be imagined, was none the worse for the operation.

Our next stop was only twelve miles distant, a mere jaunt in these parts, and by four o'clock we had settled in our new quarters, the home of another mixed-blood Indian. He and his French-Indian wife had both attended our Mission school as children, and with their two lively, intelligent boys and baby girl, seemed as fine a family as one could wish to meet. The program was about the same as at our first station, except that we had Mass in a pretty frame church, half a mile away. Poor though it was in many respects, and small, it was at least the Lord's own, a consolation for both priest and people. The combination breakfast and dinner at half past eleven was well cooked and tidilly served, a credit to our thrifty hostess.

Well, we covered twenty miles that afternoon. Only two features of this portion of the trip are fresh in mind: the baptism of a wee Indian lad and our recourse to the Little Flower of Jesus, Soeur Thérèse. We were passing through a stretch of bogland where flies and other winged insects seemed intent on precipitating a runaway. Now, runaways have been none too rare in the experience of the missionaries and have impressed upon them the necessity of discretion. So Father Goll asked me to join him in beseeching the Little Flower to avert such a a misfortune, explaining that he always called upon her in such necessities. Needless to say, we came through without difficulty. Toward evening we were back at Houlihan homestead, where everything was à la mode, as far as this is possible on the prairies. The house was the typical habitat of a thrifty homesteader; four or five rooms as neat as a pin, but without plaster—just heavy composition board for the inner walls; no carpets, but one or two home made rugs; no furniture but the most necessary. Mr. Houlihan, a man about fifty, had built a substantial altar, which stood in the parlor of his home, well provided with altar linens by the deft hand of good Mrs. Houlihan. The congregation next (Sunday) morning could not be crowded into the front room, but all succeeded in hearing Mass and the instruction. At a later date our hosts contributed generously in labor and means to the erection of a fine frame church that stands on property they themselves donated. It meant self-denial this big-hearted giving to the cause of God. But who

will say that Christ will not reward, in His own princely fashion, what they have done for His little ones?*

By 12:30 P. M. we were again on the road, and a hot, dusty road it was, to Buzzard Basin, twenty-five miles to the north. By five o'clock we had reached the rim of hills, with a view of ten miles in my direction. A circle of angular hills, several miles in diameter, with scarcely any vegetation but short grass, and a few dreary pines, form what may well be compared to an immense kettle or basin, measuring from one to two hundred feet in depth. And there at the bottom, like a doll-house fallen from the skies, lay the Indian home that was to be our headquarters for the coming twenty hours. We made the steep descent in safety and in a few minutes we were at the door of the mansion, a one-room log house, 30x15 feet in size, with a luxurious wooden floor (for such things are luxuries, rarely found in Indian cabins hereabouts) and a roof of turf. And what a reception awaited us! I varily believe that President Wilson was hailed in Paris with no more effusive enthusiasm than were we on that occasion by the swarthy nomad of the plains. He could not do enough for us or find words to express his gratitude or appreciation. It was pathetic, when one stopped to think of it; this whole-hearted welcome of Christ's ambassador by an ignorant aborigine, poor and despised of this world. But then, was it not Christ Himself who exclaimed, "I confess to Thee, O Father, because Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent and revealed them to the little ones"?

One glance made plain the situation. The family—father, mother and three or four children were living in a couple of tents during the summer; a small bower of branches served as kitchen and dining room; so the house was turned over to us as our private and exclusive quarters until we should depart on the morrow.

We pitched our baggage on the floor. Then, with unabated enthusiasm, the lord of the manor himself showed us over the estate, pointing out this feature and that and explaining his plans for a church on the grounds, whilst his squaw, silent but good natured, labored over the evening meal. We returned betimes and took our places at the family board. The initial course attracted my attention. At first sight I thought that, in

* The district here referred to—Bennett County—had been thrown open to white settlers some years before, and these have since been placed under the jurisdiction of the secular clergy.

very truth, I should at last have what would be for me the unique experience of feasting on dog meat; plain, undisguised, unadulterated dog-meat. For, you must know, this delicacy holds the same place in the estimation of the Indian as chicken is to the negro, and it has not infrequently been served to the missionaries. One of them told me upon inquiry that he had eaten it often and didn't mind it at all; glad to get it sometimes. And I know he spoke the truth. However, closer observation convinced me that the small chunk of dry, tough foodstuff before me was just mere beef, so I forthwith demolished it in orthodox style without so much as a romantic thrill. Since the next course consisted of saltless, sugarless and everything-else-less rice, and the third of black coffee, the banquet came to a close within reasonable time and I set to work instructing two of the younger children-pupils of our Mission School.

One of them, especially, left a lasting impression on my memory. She was a frail, gentle child, nine years of age, intelligent, eager to learn, and with a light in her black eyes that seemed a reflex of heaven itself. Was it the Spirit of God at work in that soul? It appeared thus to me. For, she was stricken with tuberculosis, nearly always fatal among those Indians and, probably within a year, would depart for a holier and kinder world. No doubt the Master was then preparing His little servant for her joyous home-coming. She gazed with evident delight on the bible pictures I showed her; listened with utmost attention to every word and even ventured now and then so ask a question when something was not quite clear. Surely, the missions pay!

When the family were at leisure they gathered in the house and, before a crucifix or holy picture and with lighted candles, recited their night prayers in common under the leadership of the zealous missionary. This done, we sat out in the darkness of the night and watched great streaks of lightning playing tag in the eastern skies until it was time for rest.

There were two beds in opposite corners of the house. I had spread a raincoat on one and reserved an overcoat for covering. When Father Goll was similarly prepared, out went the lamp and all was silent. One minute—then, hark! what sound was that?—Ever so slight, it was none-the-less full of dire forebodings. I waited a second, breathless, lest a repetition should escape me. Yes, it was true. "A light for me", I cried, and in a moment held a burning match over that pillow. It

fairly swarmed with *life* where but three minutes before, all had been as clear as the proverbial "tabula rasa". With a bound I was on my feet and had closed the door lest the family be disturbed—it would have broken their hearts to know that we were not in comfort—and relighted the lamp. The pesky little creatures had gotten into everything we had. For a quarter of an hour we labored at our baggage, spread there on the floor, searching brushing, slaying unmercifully until with all possible silence, we had transferred our belongings to the open prairies, where we proposed to spend the night; the wagon seat for a pillow, nestled on the bosom of old mother Earth and dozed away toward the land of Nod. But alas, I had scarcely reached the border, when with a shock and a yell, not knowing how, I was standing bolt upright, shaking like a leaf and trying to assure Father Goll, likewise on his feet in surprise and wonder, that I was all right—just a bit "skeered." Something had nibbled at my shoulder, a coyote, or rattlesnake (but snakes don't nibble) or, may be a hungry chipmunk; perhaps a nerve had twitched—whatever it was, it had happened and the rest had followed automatically. We laughed heartily at each other, for we were a sight, and forthwith sought other quarters. What happened to good Father Goll I cannot for my life recall, but I pounced upon the remnant of a chair, with the bare outline of a back and a couple of ribs, wrapt my coat and blanket about me and settled down against the wall, secure at last. Not so. The wind tore about the the corners of that house until I shivered with the cold; it shrieked and moaned in the darkness until I wondered if the sun would ever shine again. I stared at the silhouette of hills, black against the starry sky and at last I dozed. Then stray beasts, relics from our room, began to forage about my back and shoulders. They found a speedy end. I dozed again, awoke, looked at my watch and found the hands near three. It was too cold now, so I took my chair into the room. . . . The next thing I knew I was looking at the sun staring at me through the window and blowing his hot breath full into my face. The night was past forever.

Our host appeared on the scene shortly after and together we sallied forth to gather some wild flowers for the improvised altar. For this purpose we had chosen the best piece of furniture we could find, which happened to be an old chiffonier, adorned with a very large mirror and looking rather out of place in its

surroundings. There were hardly any flowers deserving the name, but we found a number of wild plants with which to cover the mirror at least. Arrangements completed, we had Mass again about ten o'clock. After the offertory, I think it was, we endured a moment of anxiety when a spider roamed from the green decorations and hung suspended almost directly over the chalice. Luckily he was noticed in time and caused no further trouble. A fair-sized congregation attended the Mass and a number received the Sacraments.

By one o'clock we were on the road heading thirty-three miles south, beyond the distance we had visited the day before. It was on this portion of our six days' outing that we attacked our "grub" box, for the first time and the last. Breakfast must have been particularly meagre that morning—memory has not preserved the record—so on the open prairies, where we were safe from curious eyes, we lunched on bread and some of Armour's "wieners". They felt perfectly at home with me but seemed to bear a grudge against poor Father Goll and he suffered in consequence for the rest of the day.

We had reached our destination by six o'clock and settled down for the last night out, in the home of a comparatively well-to-do-farmer of French-Indian descent. His wife, a convert from Protestantism, was prepared for her first confession that evening by Father Goll and received her first Holy Communion next morning, in her own home, where Mass was celebrated on a a sewing machine, if I remember rightly. After the Mass, too, an Episcopalian woman, who was present, had her two little daughters baptized as Catholics, since she herself intended entering the Church in due time.

About sundown of the sixth day we reached the Mission after a run of thirty miles, glad to be at home for a change, but none the worse for our little adventures. We had travelled nearly two hundred miles in all.

Your Reverence's servant in Xt.,

C. M. WEISENHORN, S. J.

IN THE STREETS OF BOMBAY.

Let us take a trip from Bandra to Bombay by rail and then a stroll through some typical Bombay streets. A multitude of sights will meet us on the way down that are of great interest to the stranger from the West, but we shall direct our attention to those scenes only which are not so easily observable in the the city itself.

The suburb of Bandra is right at the lower end of of Salsette island, and we soon pass over the shallow arm of the sea which separates us from the smaller island of Bombay. This is somewhat like Manhattan in physical configuration. It is 11½ miles long and about three miles broad for the greater part of its extent, and is one of a group of islands in the Arabian sea, off the middle-western coast of India. These are separated from the mainland and from each other by very narrow and shallow channels. Bombay has a fine large harbor, always alive with countless native crafts and fleets of steamers. The southern end is still known as "The Fort", and is the European quarter and business section of the city. On the western side of the island, bending back toward the point, is the projection known as "Malabar Hill", where are the Government House and residences of wealthy Parsis and Europeans. Here also are the Parsi "Towers of Silence". We shall not visit this part of the city, so I mention it now. Bombay with its fine harbor easily approached from the western ocean, is the front door of India, and, like New York, is a thoroughly cosmopolitan city.

In our little second-class railway compartment, we shall probably have for companions representatives of the three main races of Bombay: the Hindus, the Mohamedans and the Parsis. Often the conversation will be carried on in English, but more frequently in Cujerati or Magratti or Urdu. Babbling away on business or politics, with an English word or expression thrown in now and then, when there is no suitable equivalent for the modern idea in their own language, the Hindu and Mohamedan will quite naturally shed his shoes or sandals on the floor and curl up his bare feet under his legs. The turban or pork-pie hat will come off, and the little pigtail of the otherwise shaven Hindu head will

flow down in back. The Parsi, English-dressed except for his mitre-like hat, will salute the sun with folded hands and a muttered prayer as the train pulls out from a dark passage or there is a sudden rift in the clouds.

Down the train goes, past some of the 150 or more mills of Bombay, cotton-mills for the most part, past big railway and munition factories. There is a station about every mile of the way down, and at every stop there is a rush, especially of coolies, for the third-class compartments. The coolies will wait for the train for hours, crouched on their heels with their knees in their armpits, but the train never waits for the coolies—nor, in fact, for anybody. When the Goanese or English guard thinks the train has stopped long enough at the station. he gives the signal, and off the train goes. I have seen poor fisher-women hustle out so fast at station after station that the fish spilt from their full baskets all over the cinder platform.

We are getting well into the city when we come to the cow-stables, and a pungent, acrid odor strikes the nostrils. No! it is not the Indian bazaar as yet; only a part of its indescribable odor is here, strongly accentuated. It comes from the fuel-cake grounds, near the stables. Hundreds of coolie women and children are standing knee-deep in cow-dung and are kneeding it with hands and feet, and pressing out the cakes thin to dry in the hot sun. There are stacks of dried cakes heaped up on both sides of the track as high as a house. This is the common fuel of the natives everywhere, and everywhere you can see the drying cakes, on the sloping roofs of the huts, on compound walls or any open space about the house. Many petitions have been made for removal of this manufacture from the city limits at least, but no steps have been taken to remedy the evil.

A little further down, the Bombay "dhobies", or washer-men, are the attraction. Millions, it seems, of garments are hung or spread out to dry just in the rear of our new church of St. Ignatius', and across the road is the compound with its troughs of hot water where the washing is done. Four rupees per hundred pieces, I believe, is the charge.

You will always get back a "quid pro quo", as the dhobie is always accurate in his accounts, though the precise article entrusted to his care may not see its rightful owner for some months. The dhobie is never in want of clean "dhotie" for his own use, nor his Christian friend of a clean shirt front for a swell occasion. The

dhobie is a great institution, and much might be written about him.

Soon we pass the Hindu crematory on one side, and get a fine view on the other of the blue Arabian sea, where Malabar Hill bends in, and forms the wide beach of Back Bay. All along the beach are the "gymkhanas", or the club-houses of the various communities and colleges, each having its own reserve of the open green park.

Let us alight at Churchgate street, in the heart of the business section of the Fort, and make our way cautiously through the maze of vehicles of all descriptions to the "Oval", or long park bordering the railway track on the land side. Here the champion cricket and hockey matches are played, and I have even witnessed a first-class baseball game between Japanese and European Gymkhana teams. Bordering the Oval are various tropical plants and flowers, with cocoanut and other palm trees, with here and there a banyan, sending down new root into the earth from above. Off to the right are the University Hall, with its Library and fine clock tower, the Government Secretariate, the College of Science and Museum, now war hospitals, with many other of the finest public buildings of Bombay.

Taking our stand under one of the monuments at the beginning of the Oval, we can survey the crowd hurrying past. All the races of the East are to be found here, with a good scattering of Europeans. There are Singhalese from Ceylon and Pathans from the northern border, Burmese and Chinese and an increasing number of Japanese, Turks and Persians and Arabs and Afghans, Sikhs from the Punjab and the distinctive Goanese and Catholic Madrassi, the "Irish of India" from the south, the frail Calcutta Babu and the swarthy Maratha. Hindus are there of every race and cast from the whole of India, with an occasional aboriginal tribesman. Parsis are in great number, and over one-half of the wealthy community live in Bombay city. Mahomedans are more numerous still, many of them have beards dyed red, like Mahomet's, a privilege gained by having made the "Haj", or pilgrimage to Mecca.

Each race has its own distinctive dress and headgear, and the whole scene at some hours of the day is one blaze of color. The quieter colors are conspicuous by their absence, but the scarlet and blue and gold and blazing purple and yellow and shining green blend and pass each other. Such colors you will never see out of

India. The master color, indeed, is white, bordered by brown or amber legs, but this will pass unnoticed unless your attention is drawn to it for a moment. The wealthy Hindu lady not confined to the "zenana", will have pearls hanging from ears and nose, a gold or silver chain around her neck or waist, with often a silver aigrette in the hair, while the richly embroidered satin sari is caught up from the dress on the left, drawn over the shoulder, fastened to the hair, and allowed to fall down in front. The Parsi ladies are distinguished from the wealthier Hindus by the refined features and much lighter color and the absence of caste marks. A group of of Mohamedan ladies, not in Pardah, will pass along in like georgeous colors. But alas! the most frequent sight will be the low-cast Hindu woman, with short bodice, and long cloth wound around the legs and drawn up in back till it is sometimes little more than a loin cloth.

It is worth while to make a study of the headgear of the men; the race and caste can often be distinguished thus. The "pith topee," or sun helmet of the European, is often adopted by the more respectable natives. The Parsi has two distinctive hats: one, a brown, brimless affair, and the other, an oil-cloth covered mitre, with a receptacle above for a handkerchief. The Mohamedan has his red, tasseled fez, or his green and gold ready-made turban. The Hindu's turban is a long strip of cloth of varying or mixed color, wound around the head, and the ends tucked in somewhere, or hanging down as a dirty rag a half yard behind, A form of pork pie hat is getting very common among the Hundus, hideous enough on the men, but very pretty on children, when garnished with a border of colored flowers and gold thread. The Arab's head-dress is distinctive, as is the long, gray cloak which he wears. A ready-made turban is set on top of what looks very like a red and white bath towel, which falls down on the back and shoulders. Many of the Hindu castes have the turban ready-made also, with a red and white or blue peak.

Tired of watching the passing kaleidoscope of color, let us turn up Churchgate street to Hornby Road, past the newly-erected "pandal", or bamboo auditorium, for the coming special session of the Indian National Congress, where the extremists will be at their wit's ends to give reasons for their condemnation of the more

representative form of government proposed by the Secretary of State and the Viceroy. It takes courage here to resist a digression on Indian politics.

Hornby Road is a fine, wide street, lined with the biggest and best stores in Bombay, with much splendor in evidence everywhere. But Bombay is a city of monstrous constrasts. Take a turn off any one of the fine streets and you will find yourself in a native quarter, with ugly tenements in every state of decay.

There is the same contrast, indeed, in everything. The East is the home of contradictions. In individuals as in cities you will find the same blending of splendor and shabbiness. You meet a Rajah in pearls and gold, setting off the daubs of paint, the caste marks on her forehead. His servants will be in gorgeous livery, but the victoria he is driving will be sadly in need of washing and of paint, and the stuffing will be coming out of the horse's collar. Another Mohamedan "swell," all done up in pearls and emeralds and with a gold-embroidered blouse, will finish up his costume with shrunken pajamas, showing sockless feet thrust into tattered shoes. If socks are worn by another, the pulled-up dhotie will reveal in the rear the garters around the fat calf. Everywhere things are incomplete and incongruous. It is the East, shiftless and superb.

Let us go up Hornby Road to Victoria station. Lines of bullock carts are passing up and down the street. The driver is sitting out on the pole, usually digging his foot into the belly of the beast and twisting the tail until the joints creak, or belaboring it with a heavy club, and swearing his Hindu oaths at the patient animal. The little humped oxen take it all as a matter of course, and plod on resignedly until they feel inclined to stop and lie down, when only a fire under them will make them rise and go on. I have lost by this time some of the wrathful indignation that used to rise in me when I beheld the treatment of these poor animals, and especially the everlasting lashing with the whip which the "gharrywallahs" give the wretched cab-hacks, even when they are doing their best.

In the native town, of course, the lines of bullock carts are longer and more frequent, but even in the Fort traffic is stopped by them at times, and the Sikh policeman must rouse himself from his trance, and make some show of taking an interest in what is going on about him. In his blue uniform, with bare legs and sandals, and light yellow cap cocked rakishly on the

side of his head, the Bombay "sepoy" will be leaning up against the side of a building, and be unable to direct you to it if you ask its whereabouts.

Everywhere coolies are hurrying along with trunks and baskets and bundles of every description on their heads. The European will never carry anything, and whatever the native has to carry must gravitate to the head. I have seen a coolie hurrying along with empty hands, with a small bunch of nails neatly balanced on his head. It is a remarkable fact that when a coolie has nothing to carry, it is impossible to make him hurry, but when he has the load on his head for which nature made it, he gets into a swinging trot, which he will keep up for miles. There is a peculiar characteristic swing of the coolie's hips as he—or she—hurries along, and he will carry on his padded head loads that it often requires two or three men to lift thereon.

If you halt in a Bombay street and look undecided, you are sure to get into trouble. A gharrywalla will loudly hail you, and offer to take you to any destination, known or unknown, or a beggar will overtake you, or a peon with a letter will accost you. You are perhaps the tenth European he had waylaid in the street. To each of them he mutely handed the letter, in hopes of its ultimately reaching the right person it was intended for. This has been my experience on three or four occasions.

Turn in any direction, and you will be sure to see something interesting. A "Pardah" Mohamedan lady will pass, all enveloped from head to foot in a white or gray cloak, with slits only for the eyes and nose. A "bhistiewallah" will be giving a drink from his "bhistie", or goat-skin fountain, to a thristy coolie boy or woman, whose hands make a cup to receive the stream of nectar. A Hindu funeral will cross the street, on its way to the burning grounds. A disorderly throng of mourners, accompanied by a band, follows the bamboo bier, on which the corpse is lying, covered by a pall and string of yellow flowers. The Parsi mourners follow their dead two by two, all in white, which is their mourning color, and with their clothes linked together with white ribbons.

Victoria station is now before us, the Bombay terminus of one of the big Indian railways. It cost 1½ million dollars, and is one of the finest buildings in Bombay. To the left are the splendid municipal buildings while off to the right are two large hospitals and the new General Post Office. There is a small park here, where

on the flagged pavements you can always see one or more of the professional Hindu ear-cleaners plying his trade. Every Hindu must periodically have his ears prodded with a metal rod. A little further down, are a number of "moochies", or native cobblers. They will set up their shop anywhere in a shady place, and renovate the Hindu shoes while the owner sits on his heels smoking a biddhie. A moochie will come around to the school now and then, and establish himself under the shade of one of the trees. The boys who patronize him largely, will get a job done for four cents that would cost me a quarter.

We go along now to Cruickshank Road, which borders the "maidan", or the large public park for games and military manouevres. On the right is St. Xavier's College, next to the Elphinstone High School, both of them fine buildings. Along the maidan itself there is a long row of beggars. Here and there throughout the city and suburbs you will see many cases of genuine leprosy, men and women with fingers and noses half rotted away—a hideous sight. Here also congregate many fortune tellers, fakirs and petty merchants, with their wares displayed on the ground before them. Perfumery is in great demand here, also throughout the city. It is the East again; dirt and perfumery go together.

At one end of the maidan are a score or so of barber shops. They do not take up much space, since each shop is merely a native barber, with the instruments of his trade. His Hindu customer squats down before him, and a thorough renovation is given the Hindu head, not forgetting the ears. The crown is shaven in various places and styles, according to the caste of the customer, always leaving intact the little pigtail at the back. Such barber shops are to be found all over the city, and you can have one temporarily transferred to your room, at trifling cost, The "Hujjam", or barber, can always be distinguished by the sort of false stomach he seems to have, even if headgear and general appearance are not familiar to you. Around his waist he has his leather belt, with many compartments in front. There he will have his complete outfit, including soap and brush, mirror, tweezers, earpick and other instruments of more or less surgical nature.

Kalbadevi street, which we come to now, would be interesting, but we can meet it later on. Now we go up Carnac Road to Crawford Market, past our fine High School of St. Xavier's. The market consists of a large

central hall with two long wings, where all the vendible commodities of the East are exposed for sale in order and fair cleanliness. The same cleanly condition of the wares in manufacture and transportation to the market cannot be vouched for. The crowd is always dense, and there is a babel of confusion, since forty or or more languages are said to be habitually spoken in the Indian bazaars. If you wish to transact any business here, it will be well to take as guide one of the native men or boys who throng the environs of the market with basket on head, ready for hire. They will help you to get bargains, and will save you from being cheated, and will carry what you buy to your home or to the train for a few cents.

Crawford market is not patronized by the poor, though the prices are cheaper here than elsewhere in the city. It is a mistaken idea to think that Hindus live normally on rice. Rice is only for those who can afford a luxury. The poor must subsist on a little coarse grain, of which there are many kinds, much cheaper even than rice. This, made into "chupatties", or slabs of unleavened bread, together with a little spice and vegetables, is their daily food, year in and year out.

The one large building does not constitute the whole market. There are many streets radiating up to it from all directions, which are a part of the market. They are called "bazars" (streets lined with shops). There is the cloth bazar, the grain bazar, the furniture, the shoe bazar, etc. Nearly all the shopkeepers are Mohamedans, and they do a thriving business, many having large shops. Here the prices are usually fixed, though in the smaller shops the price is always what can be extorted from the ignorant European.

Carnac Road and the Market are near the edge of the old fort, and the streets lead from here into the native city, many of whose characteristics we have already seen, in a less lurid form, in the streets of the Fort. Soon we get down to Kalbadevi, one of the typical streets of the native city, fairly wide, with a double tram-line running through it, but always crowded with natives. Nearly all have a quid of "pan supari" or betal-nut, and are bespattering the pavement with the sanguinary pigment produced by its mastication. Their teeth and tongue and lips are a bright red. Soon we pass the large monkey-temple, where living descendants of "Hanuman" are kept and worshipped, and many are carved in stone on the outside.

Let us follow Kalbadevi until it turns a little east into Parel Road, which will take us in about twenty minutes to our European High School of St. Mary's.

Beggars are everywhere, especially at the street corners where the trams are liable to be delayed to allow traffic to pass. If you give an alms to one beggar you are immediately followed by a dozen others persistent in their clamors. At various points of vantage a beggar cripple will be found, knocking cymbals together, or banging his head repeatedly on the ground, while making his monotonous appeal. Groups of fakirs will pass along, jingling bells, their whole bodies powdered with white cocoanut ashes, their long black hair matted with dirt. Blue crows are scavengering in the gutters. Goats are nibbling at the vegetables exposed for sale. Sacred bulls and cows are doing the same without any hindrance, or wandering up and down the street, and crowds are going and coming out of the gaudily-painted mosques and Hindu temples, or buying a farthing's worth of watermelon, or sugarcane, or sweets whose color is hardly distinguishable for the dust and flies.

It may be shortly after the Holi holiday, a feast in honor of Krishna, the most licentious of the whole brood of uniformly licentious Hindu gods, and many of the the crowd will have their garments still stained with red juice squirted on them during the night revelry.

At certain hours of the day, you will see coolies running along with bamboo canes swinging over each shoulder; holding up at either end, a foot or so above the the ground, broad brass vessels full of milk, sometimes padlocked, sometimes with the top open, stuffed with dirty straw. An occasional "Doodwallah", or milkman, will be seen, with a pyramid of graduated brass vessels on his head. The upper one will contain "milk for butter," while the lower will have milk in various dedegrees of pallor. If the Doodwallah is a milkmaid, the baby will perhaps be swinging at the hip, while the pyramid crowns the head.

The street is lined with shops, little, square, dirty cupboards, for the most part three feet above the pavements, where the shopkeeper sits cross-legged, or stretched out snoring on his low counter. In many of these shops the betal nut and leaves are sold, slimed with fresh lime. Many also, are fitted up with large looking-glasses, where the Hindu can see his forehead properly adorned with the caste mark, and whence he can carry away paint of all colors for the religious use of the family and the home.

The larger and more pretentious shops are the most offensive to pass. Here the chupatties, or native bread, are sold, and the doughnut-like compounds floating in burning oil, and stacks of greasy sweetmeats piled up on all sides. The odor is indescribable. Mixed with the smell of incense and spices, which pervades all, there is the reek of burning oil and ghee and goats and dung, the ingredient of the fuel-cake. It is the odor of the East, once whiffed, never forgotten.

Turn down a side street and it will be worse. Everywhere there is filth. Rotting refuse is pressed into the road by the cart wheels, to be thrown aside by the goats and dogs and devoured by the ravenous crows.

This is only the outside view. Enter one of the huge tenements and it is worse. There is no light, no air, no good sanitation. Several families crowd into one room, and choke with the unwholesome breath. In 1901 there were found in a single room as many as 39, 43 and 54 persons. Three tenement houses had respectively 587, 663 and 691 inhabitants. Last December, some statistics were given in "The Times of India", in a long article on the conditions in which the poor of Bombay live. There are about twice as many males as females in the city, this being due to many country people coming in for work in the mills. The number given in the census of 1911 was 640,288 for males, and 339,157 for females. Seventy-five per cent of the people live in one room or part of a house. Deaths were 44,471; births 18,308, and the infantile mortality in 1917 was 409 per per 1,000; in 1918, 590 per 1,000; 1919 over 600 per 1,000 and continuing so in 1920.

The result of the above condition on morality can be imagined. The result on health is epidemics of all kinds, plague, cholera (over 400 deaths daily from it recently in Bombay) smallpox, malaria, itch, eye diseases and eruptive skin diseases of every description.

Bubonic plague first broke out in Bombay in 1896, and soon spread to the rest of India. Over 2000 died of the plague in Bombay City in some weeks of that year, and the ruin of the city was threatened, since both the cause of the epidemic and any remedy were unknown. It has been discovered, however, that the plague is not directly infectious from man to man, but is due to the bacilli which get into the system from the bite of an infected flea. Therefore eliminate rats, the flea breeders, and goats, which seem to be a close second, and the plague will be got well in hand. But all this requires

the removal of dirt, and proper sanitation, and India has not been educated up to this yet, and the constitutionally timid government is afraid of opposing native prejudices and wounding native susceptibilities. With regard to sanitary regulations especially, the warning of Kipling is worth bearing in mind, when he describes the epitaph over an obscure tomb: "Here lies the man who tried to hustle the East."

HERBERT J. PARKER, S. J.

A PLAN FOR SODALITY MISSION WORK.

Our College and High School boys need now especially to develop an active interest and a sense of responsibility regarding present Mission work as one of the important movements in the Church. They should be brought to feel that they as well as all Catholics have a a duty to fulfil.

To attain this end, Mr. P. J. Bontag, S. J., has worked out a simple plan whereby Mission activity may be introduced into our Sodalities with little additional organization. The plan has already been tried in some of our colleges of the Missouri Province. With few changes it may commend itself still further. A start now is almost imperative and may enable us to cooperate efficiently and at once with any movement to organize a national "drive" for the Home and Foreign Missions.

BY-LAWS OF THE MISSION SECTION.

I. Name. This Section is to be known as the Mission Section of the . . . . . Sodality.

II. Object. The object of the Mission Section shall be to further, by all means in accord with the rules and ideals of the sodality, the work of the Home and Foreign Missions.

III. Members and Officers. The Mission Section shall be composed only of volunteers that have the qualities requisite for leadership and are ready to work energetically for the Missions. From two to five volunteers are accepted from each class, the choice to be made by the Moderator of the Sodality with the approval of the class teacher.

When a class is composed of students from different Sodalities, i. e., Senior and Junior, the Moderators of

the Sodalities shall determine to which Sodality the Mission work of that class shall be credited.

The officers of the Mission Section shall be President, Vice-president, Secretary and Treasurer. They shall be elected by the members of the Mission Section at one of their regular meetings, and are to hold office for the school year.

At the end of each quarter the Secretary shall make a full report of all the Mission activities of the Mission Section to the entire Sodality.

The Treasurer shall keep an account of the contributions of each class, at the end of each quarter.

In accordance with the Rules of the Sodality (1910), the Moderator of the Sodality is responsible for all mission activities of the Section.

IV. Duties of Members. The members of the Mission Section are *ispo facto* "Captains" in their respective classes, and as such are responsible for all Mission work in their class. They meet monthly.

All Mission work that affects the school or Sodality as a whole, shall be subject to the direction of the Mission Section and the approval of the school authorities.

Mission work that is strictly confined to a class, shall be subject to the "Captains" of that class, with the approval of the class teacher.

The kinds and methods of Mission work will vary as the age, talent and ingenuity of the different classes may suggest. It will comprehend :

1) Propaganda. 2) Prayer. 3) *Financial Aid.*

1) Propaganda. *Promotion* of *interest* in the Missions generally, and especially among the students. The following means are suggested :

a) Dissemination of Mission literature.

b) Lectures, academies and other entertainments promoting mission interests

c) A publicity bureau to display Mission news, statistics, pictures, placards, cartoons, interesting letters from missionaries, reports of mission work by other students, Catholic or Protestant.

2) Prayer. The offering of prayers, a series of Holy Communions, and other good works for the Missions.

3) Financial Aid. Contributions, sale of canceled stamps, tin foil, sale of Missionary magazines, etc.

a) All money received by the Captains in their respective classes or by contributions from others shall be deposited with the treasurer of the Mission Section.

b) Every year the first five dollars contributed by each class shall go to the general fund of the Mission Section. All other contributions and any part of the general fund which may remain after all expenses have been met, shall be applied in accordance with the wishes of the contributors, as ascertained through the Captains; for instance, one may wish to pay for the training of a native boy for the priesthood, or for a catechist, etc.

c) All contributions by the students themselves shall be in some way at least "self-denial offerings", i. e., money that would otherwise have been spent for their own comfort and entertainment.

d) Contributions made by parents or other non-students shall be accredited to the class, but listed separately.

e) The manner of securing contributions shall be left to the judgment and ingenuity of the Captains, with the approval of the class teacher. The following points however are urgently recommended.

1. An appeal for contributions is never to develop into a "Hold-up".

2. There shall never be more than two Captains soliciting contributions or conducting a "drive" in the class at one time, and these should always be publicly announced by the teacher.

3. It should be the aim of every Captain to combine effective soliciting with the greatest courtesy, so that no one will be made to feel embarrassed because he cannot or does not give.

4. Contributions are never to take the form of a set fee, but are to be entirely voluntary.

5. The class teacher should insist on the idea of sacrifice and self denial as enhancing the gift. The student should learn to give "to Christ."

6. The class teacher shall fix a maximum sum for any single contribution, for example twenty-five cents for students of First High.

7. The Captains have the right to approach only members of their own class for contributions.

REMARKS.

Under the above plan, the Mission Station has two distinct aspects. It is first of all a sodality organization. At the same time the work is carried on as *class* work in that the captains make their respective classes the field of their activity. That the work is fully in accord

with the aims of the sodality is evident from a study of of Fr. Mullen's book on the rules of the sodality. Under the direction of a skillful moderator the mission section can be made a strong energizing force in the sodality. If carried out as suggested, it reaches every boy in the school whether sodalist or not. There is no reason why captains should not exert their influence on non-sodalists. With the classes as "operating units" within the mission section, the element of competition enters in while it affords the teachers a convenient opportunity to train boys in leadership for the future lay-apostolate. It also facilitates personal interest as against the dispiriting routine of a dead mechanical system of fixed fees.

The question may be raised,—why only two to five boys to a class? The answer to this is that the Mission Section should be a *select* corps of workers. All the boys are reached through the Captains, and real leaders will not fail to find a "job" for every boy in the class, who is anxious and able to handle one.

It may seem at first that the interest in the mission work will lag when the boys in the class belong to different sodalities, e. g., senior and junior. But since the work of the class is published as class-work, this difficulty is only an apparent one.

It should be made clear to the boys that the financial aspect is by no means the only, or even the principal object. The most effective aid that the students can at present give to the missions will be their *prayers*, and the spirit of *sacrifice* that should underlie both their labors in behalf of the missions and their financial contributions.

No effort should be spared to make the mission section emphatically a student's work. The moderator of the sodality and the class teacher will have ample outlet for their zeal in encouraging and advising while they leave the initiative and the actual work to the students.

It will be obvious that the plan proposed offers excellent opportunities to insist on making mission work a personal service to Christ. The plan has been tried out and has proved that "begging" for the missions becomes superfluous. It is rather necessary for the teacher to repress the eagerness of the boys to excel in financial aid. It has been thought unnecessary to elaborate plans by which contributions can be solicited without in any way embarrassing boys who may be too poor to give. The ingenuity of the captains and the good sense of the teachers will easily find methods suited for their particular class.

THE KINGDOM OF CHRIST IN KONG-LI-KIAO

1. Where is Kong-Li-Kiao?
2. Life in Kong-Li-Kiao.
3. The temple of the Lord of Heaven in Kong-Li-Kiao.
4. Apostolic labors of 1918-1919.

A. The school of prayers.
B. The Catechumenates.

5. Easter in 1919 in the open.
6. Three weddings in one day. "Yao pou you?" "Do you wish or do you not wish"? Chinese modesty.

Take the map of China and glance at the western part of Ngan-Hoei. Following the course of the river Hoai you will see that on the west the river forms the boundries of the two provinces Ngan-Hoei and Ho-nam. Taking it crosswise as the line of the division and following thirty or forty kilometers northwest you will find the small village of Kong-Li-Kiao. Kong-Li-Kiao is situated between the one hundred and fifteenth and one hunded and sixteenth meridian of longitude E. of Greenwich and between the thirty-second and thirty-third parallel of north latitude.

Life in Kong Li-Kiao is the agricultural life of the plains. Kong-Li-Kiao is a small town market lost in an immense plain. The plain is fertile enough and all in wheat, maize, Chinese sweet potatoes. grapes and swamps of cane and bamboo. There are no rice fields, because the food of the inhabitants is their peculiar daily bread of wheat and maize. Property, as in all China, is sufficiently distributed. There are few families who have not their portion of land, from which they derive their few bushels of grain necessary to supply them during the year. The habitations constructed of earth and straw are closely grouped. Going through the country it is rare to see isolated houses. One meets instead great box-like houses where thirty or forty or more families form, as it were, small secondary villages. Then there are the more important towns and so-called Tsi or markets. And Kong-Li-Kiao is precisely a Tsi. Every place has a market two or three days distant. Today Kong-Li-Kiao is in its glory. At early dawn the farmers and butchers quarter the fat hogs and expose them

for sale at the shop doors. Small peddlers along the road display their trifles—buttons, mirrors, garters, soap and handkerchiefs. The inn-keepers build fires under large earthen pots and set tables and benches before the taverns. In the meantime the peasants, each carrying a sack of meam, or his basket of grapes, come in from the country places in groupes of five, six or more. Little by little the main road of Kong-Li-Kiao becomes frequented, busy, and crowded, until at mid-day the market arrives at its culminating point. The peasants sell their products of their fields and buy the supplies that have come from the cities, namely, sugar, salt, oil, tobacco, paper and cloth. Bartering finished, they go to drink tea or take a bite to eat at the tavern, and here and there agents display their eloquence where their friends show themselves rather sympathic and where the gossip of the town and the settlement houses passes from mouth to mouth—where frequently the imprudent fleeting word calls forth alternate maledictions and flying fists—All the world is like this little countryside of mine! As the day advances, the country folk return to their homes and the peddlers collect their wares and hasten to the neighboring town or Tsi, for tomorrow there will be a market there, while here at Hong-Li-Kiao there is a white market, that is, there is no market. They will return here on the third day. Little by little the market town becomes quiet and deserted. Evening closes in tranquility over the quiet homes of the simple, peaceful, laborious Chinese of the northern plains.

In this obscure town of Kong-Li-Kiao the church of the living God has its own, and watches over them as it does always and everywhere, in suffering, in labor, and prayer. At Kong-Li-Kiao there is the Cien-Tchou-Tang, the temple of the Lord of Heaven, that is, the Catholic Church. For the Catholic Church in China is distinguished from the heretic or pagan sects with the name Cien-Tchou-Tang.

In this town a missionary resides. There is also a residence and a church, schools for catachumens of both sexes and all the adjuncts and appurtences of a Catholic mission. The place was opened some thirty years ago, and the missionary who labored there the most and saw his apostolic labors crowned with success was Father Joseph Lebez, a Frenchman, who succumbed to smallpox the 14th of June, 1905. Father Lebez through his untiring zeal has left pleasant memories in the minds of the Christians of Kong-Li-Kiao; all of them still talk of

Lan Cheng Fou, the Chinese name for Fr. Lebez, and his tomb near the little church here in the garden of the mission is visited with the deepest veneration by the Christians whom he baptized.

To speak of the residence of a missionary and a mission is to speak of a grand house. The missionary is not alone; he has a little world around about him, and hence by himself he could not attend to all the exigencies of the life. He needs a catechist to perform the office of procurator; that is, to go to the merchants to buy provisions. He needs catechists to act as instructors, to teach the pupils and the catechumens; he needs catechists to run to the four cardinal points of the district to carry to the Christians the orders of the missionary, to rouse up the slothful and make them come to school, and to settle disputes among Christians and pagans.

He needs also to have a few domestics, some to direct the cooking for the Chinese, one to cook European dishes for the missionary; some to cultivate the garden and thus provide vegetables in season; and others finally to look after the two mules and the little ass belonging to the residence. "What's this?" you exclaim, "two mules and an ass?" Well let me ask, who is to provide the daily few bushels of flour necessary to make the bread needed for the boys and girls, pupils at the school, catacumens of both sexes, for the catechists and domestics? You say the mill. But at Kong-Li-Kiao there are no mills. Every family grinds its own grain with a very primitive millstone. The missionary therefore needs his beasts for this laborious task. And if the missionary is called by some distant Christians to administer Extreme Unction, if he wishes to visit the Christians scattered over his territory, to say Mass, to hear Confessions, or to preach; if he wishes to walk about in order to become acquainted with the pagan families and to draw them little by little to the following of Jesus Christ, what means of locomotion should he make use of? The railroad? Alas, the railroad is as yet unknown in this region! And even if there were a railroad it would not pass, much less stop at all the settlements. Use an automobile or a motorcycle? This would indeed be a luxury! But the automobile and the motorcycle presuppose beautiful roads, large and well-kept streets, solid bridges, and stations to supply gasoline. All these things have yet to come. Here real streets do not exist. The only roads travelled are the tortuous paths which for ages the Chinese have been want to travel, which

after a rain are real mud puddles or channels for water. Therefore the one and only way of tolerable rapid travel is on muleback. This is why the missionary is permitted the indispensible luxury of a mule.

The missionary, wisely directed by his superiors, seeks to extend the Kingdom of God in the district entrusted to him. What is the Kingdom of God, if it is not to procure to the Omnipotent Lord and to Jesus Christ, His Son, adorers in spirit and in truth? To extend the Kingdom of God many are the methods employed, all good and beautiful but not all equally practical, or of lasting effect. The greater glory of God is the principal criterion employed in the choice of such means. Now a long experience has proved that the school and the catechumenate bring the richest fruits of sanctification in families.

Suppose that the head of a pagan family, moved by reasons which we will not enter into here, comes to find the missionary and manifests his desire of embracing the Christian religion. The missionary will receive him kindly, and will learn all he can of his visitor, of the members of his family, whether he has a wife, brothers, sons, daughters; how many of each and their respective ages. It will be necessary, perhaps, to begin the religious instruction of all the members of the family—that is, he must impress the lofty ideals of our holy Faith on the pagan minds, to teach them the most necessary prayers, to explain to them the mysteries, and accustom them to the practice of a Christian life, an immense, arduous and interminable task. And where can one teach this long lesson? In the pagan home? Impossible! Farm work and preoccupation about their earthly existence fill the lives of these poor Chinese. And again, if the missionary gives his time to a single family, how can he help the others? When can he give his instructions? Surely only through their leisure moments when he can hope for an attentive audience. But then how much time is lost by the missionary in watching for a short quarter of an hour when he can tell a surprised or incredulous pagan of the existence of God, of the soul, of eternity! Such a method of carrying on the apostolate is simply ineffective. The missionary who has the means, made possible by the offerings of wise and zealous benefactors, opens in his residence a school for the boys and girls of his catechumens.

To open a school implies the possession of places for study, sleep and recreation; the ability to pay the cateshists who work and teach, and the supplying of books and of daily necessities of his pupils. The young prople gradually learn the catechism and prayers, and prepare themselves to receive the sacraments in the right dispositions. Here by constant contact with the missionary they conceive an affection for him as for a father, and they become his most efficient co-laborers. In fact, when these children return home afterwards, they will describe to their parents, relatives and friends their happy recreations on the play grounds, the beautiful ceremonies of the Church, and finally the long-looked for reward. They will tell how the missionary cured them once when they had the headache or a stomach-ache. If they see their old parents returning to their pagan superstition they will tell them that it is wrong, because the Father told them not to do it. In brief, they will impart to everyone the good impressions made on them at the missionary school. Little by little the prejudice of this pagan and the aversion of that one is removed and when the missionary passes in his travels, a farm or village where some of his old pupils live, he is received by an attentive audience with deepest reverence and respect. In soil thus well prepared, the missionary does not hesitate to sow some seeds of good thoughts which sooner or later will bring forth fruit. Moreover it is a fact proven by experience that the most fervent, most instructed, most steadfast Christians are those who, in their youth, spent some years in these schools of prayer. The work of the school, therefore, has returned, does return and will continue to produce the most secure and consoling results. For instance, in the Mission of Kiang-Nan every missionery conducts each year two terms of school. Assist with your offerings such works and help in the solid Christian formation of these people.

Care for the young is indeed of very great importance, but the Christian formation of the heads of families, of fathers and mothers, is hardly less so. Here in China the organization of the family still retains the patriarchal form. The head of the family is supreme. The brothers, as far as it is possible, live together and only in case of incompatibility of interests do they tolerate a separation of their properity. It is pleasant to hear how quick the old Chinese grandfathers are to tell—"in my family there are fifteen, twenty, or

thirty mouths." And it is true because the old head has under his watchful and paternal care wives, sons daughters, daughters-in-law, nephews and nieces. Thus if the head of the family declares himself a catechumen there is not only one but an entire family won over to Jesus Christ.

Then whilst instructing the younger members of the family, the parents who have so great authority over the career of their children should not be neglected. If the parents would be induced to come to school, would not the solution be easy? But here lies the difficulty. The heads of the families have not much spare time. The men must till the soil, take care of the cattle, and not neglect their business. The women must take care of the house and their children. Recourse to a compendiated school system is had, namely a catechumenate. What is a catechumenate? It is a sort of retreat for workingmen as is had in Europe. The laborers, men and women, go to the residence and there, generally for a continuous week, they have their meals, sleep, study the catechism and prayers, and receive instruction from the catechists and missionaries. The week passes quickly and the catechumenate is soon empty—to reopen many times during the year when the country folk are not too pressed for work. It is not sufficient preparation for baptism to attend the catechumenate only once.

There are catechumens who in one year attend two or three catechumenates. Others come once a year until the religious instruction having been completed the catechumens are sufficiently known to the missionary and are admitted to baptism and thus are added to the number of the faithful.

Here at Kong-Li-Kiao this year there were catechumenates for men only, and 185 catechumens received instruction, of whom only 38 were considered fit for baptism. For the mothers of families there were no fixed periods in instruction. They came and went continually, so that more than a hundred women attended the instructions, of whom thirty received baptism.

Sum up the apostolic work of 1918-1919 with that done in the preceding year; join it with what will be done, with the grace of God, in the year to come, and you will see that the Kingdom of God at Kong-Li-Kiao is increasing, slowly perhaps, but surely. This method of apostolate is not the system of this or that mission-

ary, but it is the standard system of all the missions of Kiang-Nam. The missionary finds his field of battle already well marked out; he has naught to do but to follow, as a subaltern official would do in obedience to his general. The missionary is as a pilot who finds his ship ready and well furnished; he has only to guide it on the waters, the ship will certainly make headway.

At Kong-Li-Kiao the baptized numbered 1284, and the catechumens 1520. But the chapel is small, and when on a great solemnity the whole concourse attends it cannot contain all. This year the solemn Mass at Easter was celebrated under a majestic canopy erected in the court of the residence. The Christians placed themselves in beautiful orderly files, the men on the right, the women on the left. The prayers sung harmoniously in Chinese by the Christians, resounded in clear tones in the open air. The pagans gathered in great numbers to look on and were favorably impressed both by the joyous piety of the congregation and by the majesty of the prayers and the Catholic liturgy. Into their hearts, O Lord, Thy Kingdom Come!

Yao pou yao? in Chinese means—"Do you wish or do you not wish?" It is the essential demand of the priest when he makes the couple come to the altar to be united in Christian matrimony.

"Mary is here present, who according to the rite of Holy Church will be your wife: "Yao pou yao?—Do you wish or do you not wish?" And the Chinese bridegroom responds without difficulty. "Yao." "I do wish." "Peter is here present who according to the rite of Holy Church will be your husband. Do you wish or do you not wish?" And the Chinese bride should have responded "Yao." "I do wish" But this essential monosyllable does not come! The Chinese bride is there kneeling, all confused, with eyes fixed on the ground and her back turned to the nearby bridegroom and her throat is as though it were choking—she does not reply—Yao pou yao?—Silence—Yao pou yao?—No answer.

A European just lately arrived would conclude without doubt that Mary does not want Peter for her husband. It is impossible to celebrate the ceremony. But it is not so. The parents, the witnesses and the missionaries know very well that in her heart the bride is willing and has longed for this day. But the Chinese bride must act according to fashion. Now it is the Chinese fashion

that the woman who wishes to become a wife should act directly the contrary. Such is the Chinese natural delicacy.

The patience of the missionary begins to be somewhat disturbed, for his condecension to the Chinese fashion, to the Chinese mind, to the Chinese norm of propriety, has also a limit. On the other hand if the word, "I wish," is not pronounced, how can he perform the marriage ceremony? It is necessary therefore that she whisper "Yao" between her clinched teeth. The missionary then pronounces in a loud and energetic voice "Yao pou yao?"

I was told that to overcome this foolish stubbornness of one Chinese spouse, one day the witness gave the bride a good stout cuff at the words "Yao pou yao?" The bride said excitedly the word "yao." At the interrogation thereof of the missionary, she finally whispered consent. The Yao is pronounced, sotto voice it is true, heard only by the witnesses and the missionary, but it is pronounced and is valid for the ceremony. The benediction descends upon the newly-married couple, while the witnesses endeavor to force together their hands and whilst the two themselves avoid one another's gaze and continue in an attitude of disdain and conventional obstinacy.

"If you are in Rome, do as the Romans do," says the proverb. And it is truly interesting for those who come from Europe to China to contrast the Western customs with those of their own country and to change their own ideas on social ethics and propriety. In Europe you do not insult a young lady by asking her her name, but none would directly ask her her age. Here a young lady on being asked her name blushes and keeps silent, but on being questioned about her age she answers proudly and frankly. To congratulate a young woman on her marriage is not wrong among us. To speak before a Chinese lady about her father-in-laws' family would make her blush. In the western world when a friend visits another friend he inquires about the children who are presented to him. Here he must be careful not to mention the names of the wife and children, who are not presented to him, but who stand behind the curtains listening to what is said and done in the reception room. To give a present and immediately to request a recompense is a thing unheard of in our homes, and would stir us to indignation. Here it is not thought unreasonable to present a person with an egg,

and demand in return a hen. To refuse the gift is not looked upon as an insult by the giver. It only shows that you do not wish to return the compliment or that you are not able.

This series of contrasts could be continued without end and would only go to show that their mentality is different from ours. The missionary therefore, must proceed with much patience and prudence in his apostolic dealings. He must make himself all things to all men within the limits of justice and honesty in order to gain all to Christ, and to lead this people into the Kingdom of God, the Kingdom of justice; love, honesty, and moral beauty.

M. GRIMALDI, S. J,

FROM SOISSONS TO COBLENZ

(*Continued*)

After a night's rest which was interrupted occasionally by the uncomfortable screech of a shell tearing through the air and the explosion which followed immediately after, I rose for breakfast on the morning of October 1st. Forth from my dugout I fared to rustle around for "chow." In the fighting days "chow" did not come to you; you had to go after it. Now in the Officer's Club on Bahnhof Strasse a waiter will bring it to you. In the Argonne and Soissons days, if you wanted to eat you had to find the grub. On that morning I had to seek very little. Near me was a ration cart which had got stuck in a quagmire and could not advance. If ever I blessed the rain for a favor it was then. The driver of the ration cart was sleeping amid the cans of "corn-willy," bread and coffee. In the phraseology of the doughboy, I introduced myself and my mission by saying—"What are the chances for getting a handout this morning?" The driver with the usual good humor of a fighting soldier answered, "All the chances in the world. Wait a minute, Chaplain, until I show you my kitchen." Down from the ration cart he jumps, leads me to a kind of shack in the woods, where a good stove was to be found. To show how useful I could be, I proceeded to do a bit of "manualia." I gathered some wood, lit the fire, put on a can of water, and got my mess tin ready for the "handout."

My companion—a Tar Heel from North Carolina—did the cooking. The meal consisted of bread browned in sugar-water—the browning being done by frying it—and coffee. Although he was a private and I an officer we both sat down together to eat, feeling that the historic words of Wilson should be verified by us, even before we made the enemy realize them—"making the world safe for democracy." The meal was democratic and we two democrats ate it in a democratic manner. Between bites, chews and swallows we chatted about the war. I asked him what he thought of it? Such a question to ask at such a time of such a critic! "Well, sir, being as it's the first one I ever seen, I'd say she sure is some war."

With the meal over and the mess tins washed and packed away, I bade good bye to my friend from North Carolina and started off to rejoin my regiment. Over several kilometers of shell-scooped fields, down into trenches and up on the field again I passed until I came into Cheppy. Here were ruins all around. Houses and stores and church all stood like the stumps of broken teeth. The Germans had been in possession of the place for nearly four full years. They had built for their protection a series of solidly constructed shelters of iron, timber and stone. As these shelters were on the reverse slope of the hill, they were not struck by the American shells which had wrought ruin all around. After admiring the ruins I continued on my way to Very and Charpentry, where the 18th Infantry was concentrated. In Very Father O'Flaherty of the 28th Infantry was busy burying the dead of the 35th Division, who had fallen here when that Division took it from the Germans several days before. With a cheery greeting to him I passed on. The road from Very to Charpentry ran up one hill, across a ridge and down another hill to the latter town. In the fields on both sides of the road there were many corpses of men and horses. The air was tainted with the odor of rotting bodies. I saw that I would be busy for many days burying these poor fellows of Kansas and Missouri. Until my burying squad should report for work, I spent my time with the living.

You will be interested to know how officers and doughboys behave before they go into action. How they behaved in action is well known. That they ended the war as swiftly as they did tells the whole story of how they fought. Let me describe the actions

of one of the bravest officers that ever led men in the 18th Infantry. He is well known to some of the Fathers of the New York provience. When Major Paul Daly went into action he came to confession; then he shaved exactly. His orderly brought him his very best uniform, silk shirt, white collar and cuffs. I forgot if he shined his shoes. "Paul," I asked, "What's the big idea?" "It's this way, Father," he answered, with that queer smile of his: "If I get bumped off, it's my last chance to wear these swell duds. If I get wounded, I'll go to the hospital all dressed up and the nurses will be fighting to look after me."

The doughboys have more time to themselves than the officers before a battle. They are not occupied with compasses, maps or instructions. Instead of these mechanical and intellectual occupations, they get out their cubes of bone and blue franc notes of many denominations. The dice help them to win or lose the money. One good effect of their pastime is that they are so inteusely absorbed in their game that they have no thought of danger. Their nerves are kept in such good condition that their morale is very high. This is undoubtedly of very great value. I recall one very good Catholic lad from Cleveland. He has the same name as the Mayor of New York. He was always careful that his language be neither profane or obscene. His terms of endearment when he would plead with the cubes were the essence of amorousness. As he did not spend his money on vin rouge—having taken the pledge on the day of his First Communion and kept it ever—and did not need to send it home, because his parents were well-to-do, and as he had the reputation of being the best at the game in the regiment, he argued that he could not employ his money in a better way than to make it earn more. True Catholic that he was he rejoiced in gathering in the money of his Baptist and Methodist opponents.

Just one more story to the tune of "Just before the battle, Mother." We were hiding in a woods waiting for night before moving up to the jumping off line. I had gone around when the men were lined up for chow to tell them that I would be hearing confessions near a big beech tree which I pointed out to them. That afternoon a Y. M. C. A. man had come with a load of chocolates, cigarettes, etc. He looked for a prominent site to set up his counter. He chose the same beech tree which was to be

my confessional. He arranged his booth. On the counter he had his wares piled, and nearby a box of money to make the change. To help him see he had two candles. Behind the counter were unopened boxes. By eight o'clock a long line of doughboys had formed and business was going forward. Suddenly a bugle sounded "alert." The throbbing of a German aeroplane was plainly heard. "Put out that light," came the order. Instantly the doughboy nearest the counter blew out the candles. His hand was not behind his mouth in swiftness or dexterity. He grabbed the loose money. Another grabbed the chocolates. Another grabbed the cigarettes. Many others hopped over the counter, yelling the scorn slogan which they had for the Y. M. C. A.—"You Must Come Across." After a while the bugle announced the danger past. The Y. M. C. A. man's booth was as complete a wreck as if a bomb from the aeroplane had struck it. I waited at my beech tree. The first penitent had his arms so laden with the spoils of Hershey, Lucky Strike and Klenzo that he could neither kneel or bless himself. And yet he made his confession. Had he put down the spoils, penitents behind him would have taken them. He followed the "Tene quod habes" of the Apostle.

Such is one way in which the doughboy spends his time before going "over the top." I have never met one who was afraid to go; nor one who thought he was a hero for going. There is no soldier in the wide, wide world, like the American doughboy. To see him following a barrage over a field, rushing machine-gun nests and killing their occupants—is a sight that thrills me more than aught else. And he does it with such good humor, such unconcern, such satisfaction, that he calls forth your admiration more than one can describe. And as he fights, so he dies. His fighting ways were so unique that when some Germans captured a doughboy last summer, and they questioned him about the formations used in advancing, he answered by saying: "We kill or get killed."

On the night of October 1st, I slept in what had been a stable for German horses. It was built into a hill and cleverly concealed. Just think of it! A camouflaged underground stable. We were a merry dozen that night in that stable. We smoked and sang and made cocoa. Every now and again a visiting shell would interrupt our story or our cooking. It never interrupted

our smoking. As soon as the shell did its duty by exploding where we were not, we resumed our songs, stories and cooking. Of course after a while the cocoa was ready for drinking, then after the shells came we would pause between sups until we were certain that they were not addressed to us. As long as the shells were high explosive, we did not worry much, but if they were gas shells, then their unpleasant effects would linger for a long while. And they were unpleasant I can assure you. What we particularly disliked about them was that we had to protect ourselves with gas-masks. Now you cannot do any of the agreeable things that we were doing with a gas-mask on. You can't talk, nor sing, nor smoke, nor drink cocoa. And if the gas was heavy, you would have to go to sleep with the mask on. That was another discomfort.

To protect our stable from the gas fumes, we had hung a blanket at the entrance which we soaked with water. This device is safe. If it is employed, you can keep out the gas and keep up the fun in the stable.

Thanks to the blanket hanging in the doorway, we were able to get a good night's rest and sleep in our stable. That night in the stable I had a Jew doctor on my right side, and a St. Louis University graduate, Lieut. Maguire, on my left. Again it was seen that the world was safe for democracy, for the three of us slept in peace and friendship, although there was a battle on when one of us, either asleep or pretending to be so, attempted to take more than his share of the blankets.

There was no bugle to blow reveille the morning of October 2. When we are near the enemy's lines we dispense with such a reminder that "We've got to get up, we've got to get up, we've got to get up this morning." Whoever is awake first, looks around warily to see if anyone else is awake. Usually there are many who are awake, but no one dares to get the others up; on the principal contained in the French saying—"L'Union Fait la Force." The many wait until they are very many before attempting to roll the sleepers out of their blankets. When all were aroused by this efficient, albeit rough method, those who had off their shoes put them on; those who slept shod beat the shoeless to the chow line. I was not able to say mass on those October mornings, because my mass kit was stowed away in the bottom of a wagon. I devoted a half hour to breakfast, though not knowing, as usual, when I would get a meal again.

My work for the morning of October 2, was burying the dead of the 35th Division which lay plentifully about the fields. Now and again a German aeroplane would soar over to "see what he could see." If I was lucky enough to see him first, I had a chance to call off the job, until the shells which invariably came over after such a visit, had burst "where we wuzzunt." As I was saying prayers over a dozen or more bodies, which we had buried in a long trench, a doughboy came up and told me that the chaplain of the 28th Infantry had been killed by a shell in the town behind our position. As there were two chaplains in the 28th I asked "Is it Chaplain Ramsden?" "No, no, he never comes near the front." Then I knew without asking, that Father O'Flaherty was the dead Chaplain.

Father O'Flaherty, Chaplain of the 28th Infantry, First Division, stands out as the most heroic man of the 28th Infantry. I am repeating the statement of Protestant officers, from the Colonel commanding, down to the buck private. To pay such a tribute to any one of the 28th Infantry—the regiment which captured Cantigny, the first capture by Americans of an enemy position in the war—is remarkable. That such praise should be spoken of a Catholic priest is almost beyond belief. For Father Duffy to merit such praise in the 69th New York is not surprising. His regiment is not one of the regular army; has always had a Catholic chaplain; is almost entirely made up of Catholic soldiers. But for a Catholic priest to come to a "hard-boiled" outfit of regulars who never had a Catholic chaplain and didn't want one, and to so comport himself on the battle field as to win the highest praise that can be paid to a soldier by soldiers—that I consider an amazing conquest. Other Chaplains have been decorated for less than what Father O'Flaherty did. The regular army officers take it for granted that you are brave and unafraid to die. If you expose yourself to shell fire; if you go over the top with the first wave; if you roam from objective to objective, baptizing, hearing confessings and administering the Last Sacraments you are checked off as "doing your duty." A regular fighting outfit is not surprised if you dare death with the doughboys. This being their attitude, again I say it is a thing that the Church can be proud of—that the 28th Infantry, First Division, should rate Father O'Flaherty as their bravest man.

He came to the regiment when it was on the Montdidier front in the spring of 1918. Immediately by his intellectual keenness which compelled the officers to respect him, and his priest-heartedness which won for him the admiration and affection of all doughboys, irrespective of their church, he began that reputation which grew in worth every day until the shell in Very (Argonne) killed him instantly, as he was burying the doughboys who had fallen in the capture of that town. Colonel Hubner tells the following touching story of Father O'Flaherty.

"We were in a shell-hole near the Paris-Soissons road last July then the Division was fighting south of Soissons. Father O'Flaherty heard a groan from a shell-hole near by. 'Colonel, I've got to go and see if that chap is in need of my help,' he said to me, and started off. I tried to hold him back. Bullets and shells were dropping around and the danger was manifest. But Father O'Flaherty wriggled like a snake through the wheat and rolled into the shell hole from which the groans were coming. I listened and looked. Suddenly the smiling face of Father O'Flaherty appeared. He stood upright on the edge of the shell-hole in full view. Why he was not killed I do not know. 'Colonel,' he yelled from the spot where he was, 'I'll be down immediately to tell you the best story ever.' I answered, 'If you don't put down that block of yours the Germans will shoot it off.' Down over the open field came Father O'Flaherty utterly unmindful of the bullets. The big cane which he always carried performing its duty as he came on. When the shell-hole was reached, Father O'Flaherty comfortably seated himself on the rim and proceeded to relate 'the best story ever.' The wounded and dying soldier whom he found in the shell-hole was a Catholic. On reaching him Father O'Flaherty inquired if he could do anything for him. The soldier in great agony angrily told him that he didn't want anything. Then Father O'Flaherty explained that he was a Catholic priest. Well, Father, exclaimed the dying man, that sure is funny. This is the last place I expected to find a priest. My prayers are answered. The only thing I wanted was to go to confession, and here you came to hear it.' Then as soon as Father O'Flaherty attended to him, his groaning ceased and another brave fellow had breathed his last. Now, Sir, I am not a Catholic, so I do not understand what Father O'Flaherty did for him, but whatever it was it made Father forget

all danger of death for himself and come smiling and recklessly back to where I was."

Other officers have other stories to tell of his devotion to his priestly work, his cleverness in argument, his affableness and wit. At St. Mihiel, when we advanced so rapidly that the tanks followed, instead of leading us, Father O'Flaherty, armed with his trusty cane, went roaming around looking for wounded and dying. Not finding any, he went hunting for Germans. He captured 25, placing himself at their head and led them in column of twos back to the Colonel. He said that this scheme of his was the means of saving their lives, for if a doughboy had found them he would have shot them all. "A queer corporal work of mercy," he explained, "that of capturing prisoners, whereas the catechism says we should visit them." We had at the time as senior chaplain, an Episcopalian who wanted us to bury horses. Of course we priests objected, showing him that we had duties to perform in the way of administering sacraments to the living and dying soldiers. As for the ministers, as they had no such ministry on the battlefield, they could do the work of burying horses. This argument prevailed not with the Senior Chaplain. He insisted on our obeying his order. One night, Father O'Flaherty hiked 15 kilometers back to our division headquarters "to call on the chaplain and impress our viewpoint upon him with a few good punches on the head." Many of the officers of the 28th Infantry, to whom Father O'Flaherty explained the reason for his absenting himself from the regiment, regretted that their duties required them to stay with their troops, otherwise they would have gone to the fight between the chaplains. As one of them said:—"I had 100 francs up on Father O'Flaherty to win in one round." The fight never came off, neither did any of us ever bury a horse.

On the afternoon of October 2, as soon as I could get back to where the body lay in a wrecked building with a raincoat for a covering, I inquired of one of the medical officers if Father had been killed instantly. They stated that one of the men saw the shell explode close to the chaplain. The men rushed up to where Father O'Flaherty had fallen, but he was dead. The doctors told me with disapproval on their faces, that is was Father O'Flaherty's own fault that he was killed. I asked them if any of them were Catholics. None were. I made no attempt, therefore, to explain the reason for what seemed to them unnecessary exposure to death.

After gazing upon his mangled body; taking the cross off his cap for a memory of him, I dropped the raincoat over his dead remains and went back to my men, reciting the "De Profundis." The death of Father O'Flaherty cast a deep pall over the spirits of all who knew him. On the following day, I buried him on the hill overlooking the town of Cheppy. About ten chaplains from the First Division assembled to do him honor. On my right as I read the prayers for burial was Father Sellinger, (Rochester) chaplain of the 7th Field Artillery; on my left was Father Davitt, Holy Cross graduate (Corps Chaplain) who was himself killed by shellfire on the morning the armistice was signed. In a bush directly in front of me, Lieut. McDonald of the Photo Unit took a moving picture of the burial. The poor division chaplain, whose head Father O'Flaherty came near punching a month before, sincerely mourned over his death. Father O'Flaherty was a Maynooth D.D., and a parish priest of Mitchell, South Dakota.

Upon my return to my dugout stable, I found an officer of the 128th Artillery, attached to the 35th Division, awaiting me. He was a Catholic, a graduate of Creighton. "Father," he began, "I've got about 50 men in the different batteries who wish to go to confession. We have not seen a priest for over four months." After promising him to be on hand in ten minutes, I gave him time to assemble his men. The afternoon was fairly noisy. Aeroplanes were over us, trying to shoot down our observation balloons, as well as to direct the fire of the German batteries. When I got to where the men were, and seeing them gathered in a group, I advised them to scatter, in order to lessen the number of casualities, should a shell burst where they were. My next concern was to select a suitable confessional. A 'soixante quinze' with some branches thrown carelessly over it for camouflage purposes, struck me as being, at once safe and picturesque. I stood with my back to the gun, with my left elbow resting on it. On the opposite side of the cannon, with crossed hands resting on it, stood my penitents to confess and be absolved. Now and again, a battery beside me would deliver a round. Of course I had to interrupt business, for the noise. When an enemy aeroplane came over and he was shot at by anti-aircraft guns, the racket was so loud, that business had to be interrupted again. For over two hours I stood there. Of all the strange places I have heard con-

fession in and on, I remember none so picturesque as the confessional which was a "soixante quinze."

That night we were told that as all our own artillery was in position, we would go over the top in the morning. As going into battle was an old pastime with my men, they did not show any excitement at all. They were glad they were going into the Argonne fight, an all-American scrap. At three in the morning we arose, got some breakfast and were ready to advance at 5.30; A. M. The morning was frosty, but clear. From four o'clock on the guns were bellowing. Hillsides and ravines, bushes and even open fields were aflame with the flash of the cannon, While the men were advancing through the field, at a fixed pace and in open formation, I hurried along the road. It was a mad thing to do. The roads were well known to the Germans, since they had held them for four years. But one does not think of such things in battle. How to get to a place as quickly as possible is the main thing. When I arrived in Charpentry the few ruins that remained were toppling under the explosions of an ammunition dump, which the Germans had hit during the night. For several days they fired on it, on an average of four shells a minute, but were unable to score a direct hit, until the night of the 3rd. I will not attempt to describe either the roar, or the flame. In fact I did not linger on the spot or near it. With shell fragments and bullets filling the air with no sense of direction, it was what the doughboys call a "pas bon secteur." Up on the ridge above Charpenty the shells were popping, but you knew from what direction they were coming. Of course that does not help for safety much, but at least you did not have to worry about getting hit from behind. The only shells that came from the rear were the ones that we were sending over to the Germans. By coming along the road I arrived ahead of my men. It takes time to get through fields where wire barriers hold you up. What was my surprise to find that I was alone on the ridge. If I was interested in watching shells explode, I had a fine chance that morning. A shriek, a mass of earth thrown up like a waterspout, and then a fearful explosion—that is what you see and hear as the men go over the top. I slid into a fox hole which the men had dug the night before. I waited there, believing that the next shell would dig the fox hole a bit deeper, not caring whether it was occupied by me or not. After fifteen minutes I saw a broken line of helmets come over

the rim of the ridge. After the helmets I saw faces, then bodies and at last the doughboys. Their eyes are peering through the yellowish fog that covers a battle field after a barrage has passed over it. Some of the men stop a minute to light a cigarette, others to joke with one another; all without fear or shouting or other noisy demonstration of emotion, going forward behind their officers. Just as the advance reached me the order was given to halt. As quick as a flash every man dropped flat on the ground. A lieutenant came over to me and asked me how I got ahead of the men. I told him as nonchalantly as I could—this was a piece of personal camouflage—that "I just took a short cut."

After the men had passed on I noticed four German prisoners carrying a litter made of a blanket slung from two rifles. I hurried to where they had halted. I looked into the blanket. A soldier was lying in it with both legs blown off above the knees. Tourniquets had been applied but they could not stop the flow of blood. I asked the doughboy if he was a Catholic. He was. In a brief minute he had his confession made. I absolved him quickly and then annointed him. Just as I finished he shook violently and was dead. Proceeding forward I met another borne in by German prisoners. This doughboy was not a Catholic, but had a Catholic girl in Brooklyn whom he was going to marry. He often went to church with her and had promised that when be came back he would become a Catholic. I baptised him conditionally and barely had I finished when he died. I had no time to get the address of the girl. The girl he left behind will never know until she meets him in heaven, how he died a Catholic.

In this way the morning passed. As I had to await a burial detail I sought a place of shelter from which I could come out and stop each litter as it passed. I found a gun pit from which the Germans had withdrawn the cannon. The inconvenience of the pit lay in its being exposed to the German side, but safe from our artillery. Here I was seated when someone asked, "Who are you?" Without looking up I answered. "Well Father, I want to put my P. C. (Post du Commandant) in that pit, if you will let me." Then I looked up and saw that it was General Parker. His tin hat had disguized him. The idea of asking me to let him have the pit, when he could have ordered me out of it, showed what a gentleman he was. I was happy to know that he knew that I was on the job. He was too busy for any

chat just then, so I went over across the road to where a tank was stalled. I opened the door and crept inside. Here was a fine place, if a shell would not hit it. I decided to risk it, so from my tank I went forth as each new wounded man was brought by.

Everybody was happy, even the German prisoners. The First was mopping up the Montrebeau Woods and the approaches to Exermont. Our artillery was smashing the resistance and we were advancing. Such was the news from the front, only a kilometer away, which I got that morning. Shortly after dinner my burial detail reported for duty. We first spread out in battle formation, and then advanced over the fields where the First Division had forged ahead that morning. As soon as a body was found, a rifle was stuck into the ground to mark the place. Next a pit was dug, about three feet deep and long enough to hold fifty bodies. The bodies were then brought to the pit. Here the identification tags were examined, personal effects taken, but there were cases where the body was so mangled that the tags could not be found and the letters in the pocket were so soaked with blood as to be unfit to send home. The dead men were placed side by side, in lots of fifty, in the grave. I then read the prayers over them collectively and the pit was filled. Often we would have to disperse, because the German planes would see the pits, believe them to be excavations for heavy howitzers, notify their batteries, and then we would get shelled. Fortunately I never lost a man during the ten days that the fighting was on. Calloused as I had become to the sight of dead men, I would be moved to pity, when I would come upon the face of a doughboy whom I knew well. Later on I wrote to the family about the death of the lad, and my letter always brought consolation. Usually the bereaved family had no idea of the the way in which a battle is fought, and the question cannot he answered because to do so would be to write a complete story of a modern battle.

On the evening of October 4th I went up to the regimental headquarters. Several letters from U. S. were waiting for me. In the cellar of a farmhouse, which was crowded with wounded men awaiting transportation in ambulances, were officers directing the operations going on up front, with runners waiting to bring back messages to company commanders. I read the letters by candle light. A message which I never will forget was handed to the Colonel while I was reading a letter.

It had come from a captain of the 18th Infantry. It read: "I am on top of Hill 240 with Lieut. Meehan. Got only 75 men left. Germans shelling us heavily. Send reinforcements." The Colonel after a conference with the other officers decided that it was best for the captain to return to the foot of the hill for the night. In the morning a battalion would storm it and take it. I had read of battles and of messages sent and others returned in answer. Here I was in the greatest battle that the United States had ever fought, listening to a message from a captain of my regiment to his colonel, and the colonel's reply. Yes I was thrilled. The captain had played fullback on the Michigan team, while his lieutenant was from Boston College. Poor Meehan was hit the next day and while refusing to take treatment before another soldier, who was struck by the same shell, had been cared for, fell dead in the dressing station.

Strange are the wounds and horrible which the shells inflict, and stranger still the conduct of the suffering men. One fellow whose ankle was pierced by a machine gun bullet was shrieking in a way which made everyone in the dressing station angry with him. True it was he suffered great pain. He wanted everyone to care for him first. His selfishness is easily understood and condoned, but in battle doctors hate to meet such a case.

The surgeon asked me to "shut that fellow up." Those were his words. They seem to be very brutal. And yet brutality in speech was the only thing to employ in the case. Other chaps more seriously wounded than he, needed urgent attention. The shrieks of the poor fellow lowered the morale of all the wounded in the cellar. On a stretcher nearby, with both legs crushed and back all mangled, lay private Jerry Sullivan of the 18th Infantry. Never a cry from him, never a request to be looked after before the others. When I saw the wounds he had, I went to the other fellow who was shrieking and scolded him and taunted him for his selfishness. I made him look at Sullivan's wounds, and told him to "shut up his howling." He did.

None of the doctors were Catholics. Fortunately, however, the medical sergeant was one from the Holy Name parish, New York City. As soon as a case was put on the table Sergeant Martin looked to see if he had a medal or pair of beads about his neck. If they were not to be seen he would craftily ask the man if he were

a Catholic If so Martin would give a wink. I was at the man's side in a jiffy to prepare him for another life, when he should give the one he had for his country. Had I not had the cooperation of Sergeant Martin many a Catholic would have died at the station, or on the way to the field hospital without the comfort of the Last Sacraments.

On the night of October 12, the First Division was relieved by the Forty Second. I remained behind to bury our dead. For those eight days of fighting over a most difficult terrain; for having captured every objective assigned we received the only General Order by G. H. Q. to the American Army. Our casualties were the heaviest of any American division that had fought in the Argonne. The price was a dear one to pay, but we did all that was expected of the First Division.

We captured a German colonel on the third day. He was penned up in his dugout by our barrage, which he said was the worst he had ever known. He commanded a storm regiment composed of "shock troops." When he saw that he was doomed he sent his orderly to one of our officers, announcing that he was ready to surrender. "Tell the square head to wait," our officer answered, "I've got no time to capture him." Then he added: "When we're coming back we'll pick him up." The colonel stated that in five years the German army could not produce a division like the First American Division. And he was not complimenting us, merely for the sake of winning for himself good treatment. I saw him and believe him to be a fine soldier, who was sport enough to praise a splendid fighting outfit when he met one.

(*To be continued*)

THE CHURCH AND THE SOCIETY IN CZECHO-SLOVAKIA

I. THE NEW REPUBLIC.

In his reply of October 19, 1918 to Austria's request for an armistice, Mr. Lansing presented the recognition of Czecho-Slovakia's independence and Provisional government, then already represented in Paris, as one of the conditions of the armistice. Nine days later, October 23, 1918, Austria gently cowed her head to this condition. Immediately a national committee took up the reins of the government in Czecho-Slovakia. This day then—October 18, 1918—can be called the formal rebirth, not of a nation, but of a nation's freedom.

This little known corner of the world, this newly resuscitated state, whose past history both religious as well as political, was at times brilliant, at times tragic, announced to the world its complete independence by insuing a "Declaration of Independence" in the Hall of Independence, October 26, 1919, due to its ability to think straight and to act vigorously during the World War. Soon diplomatic representatives from France, Italy, Great Britain, United States and Japan arrived, recognizing Bohemia, and Slovakia (Czecho-Slovakia) as an independent nation.

After the declaration of independence, new life and new strength and a national hope was felt over the entire new state. There was no sham, no struggle to keep up appearances under false pretensions. Through sufferings that nation fought and won. It fought in France and in Italy. In the spring of 1918 it carried out its remarkable anabasis to the East. Under the youthful General Gaida, it fought in Siberia with valor; it held a battle line of 2,000 miles against overwhelming odds with inadequate supplies and only 40,000 men.

On February 29, 1920, the National Assembly met to adopt new constitutions, the principle features of which are as follows:

> "This is a democratic Republic with a president and National Assembly. The president will be elected by the National Assembly for a term of six years and may be reelected for one more term. The President may dissolve both or either chamber of the legislature, but must call for new elections in sixty days; he may veto bills passed by both houses, but a simple majority vote in both houses may pass such a a bill against his veto. The chamber of deputies will consist of three hundred members, elected for six years. All citizens, men and women, 21 years of age, are entitled to vote. The candidate for office must be at least 30 years old. The senate will consist of 150 members elected for eight years by electors who are at least 26 years of age, while the senators must be at least 45 years of age. Regular sessions will be held in March and October of each year.
>
> The constitutions also provide for a supreme court; for initiative and referendum; for military training; and allow freedom of speech, press, religion and assembly."

Czecho-Slovakia is by no means the smallest of European nations. It is formed of the so-called crown lands

of Bohemia, Moravia, Silesia and Slovakia, called Upper Hungary. Its territory measures 142,000 square kilometers, four times as large as Belgium. With 15,136 municipilaties, including cities, towns and villages, is found a 13-million population. Among twenty-seven European nations Slovakia ranks the eighth.

This new Republic is in the very heart of Europe. As it stands outlined on the map, it juts well into Germany, overshadows what is left of Austria on the north, covers practically the northern boundry of Hungary and on the east meets Poland on the ridges of the Carpathian mountains. Around the western portion stands a ring of lofty mountains. This hill-locked land is rich in mineral wealth and contains the most valuable medical springs on the continent. Its soil is highly developed—one half of its area being under cultivation. It is one of the most important manufacturing centres of Europe; almost every industry is represented especially sugar, coal, steel and the making of glass.

Pragua is the capital of the new republic. It is redolent of mighty memories. As the center of the land it had been chosen as the residence of the early princes and kings. The fierce battles of the Hussites were fought there (1420); there also the Thirty-Year war began (1618–1648); and over a century later (1757) the Seven-Year war may be said to have commenced there with its siege; at the "Blue Star" hotel in Prague was signed the treaty that ended the Austrian-Prussian war of 1866. Yes, every stone of its old gray walls has a story to tell of racial antipathy and of national gallantry, of war and of sudden death, of treachery and of honor; of romance; of disappointment; of progress. To a distant observer of dreamy lofty buildings, the warm crimsons of the "tent" roofs, the pleasant greeness of the parks, the warmth and softness of the Capital City would rather tell one the story of peace and not of war.

Its people are sanely generous, sincerely kind. Beneath their unobstrusive countenances, within the depths of their dark eyes, burn a warm temperament; under their dreamy exterior there are signs of pain and struggle endured for generations. They are naturally emotional people "which laughs readily and weeps seadily; a song-loving people and a music-loving people with a rainbow of humor over every moral storm."

In the ninth century Christianity made its entrance into Bohemia. Soon princes and dukes and all their households requested to be baptized. The 13th century

is called the "Golden Age of Christianity in Bohemia"—over 100 monasteries crested the encircling hills and nearly 2,000 priests preached the word of God. Dark ages were awaiting the Church in this land of vigorous Catholicism. In 1415 John Hus—the heretic—who had "poisoned the wells" of the Czech land, was burned at the stake by the secular authority. Immediately the Hussite wars followed and the Church in Bohemia met with losses that it took centuries to repair. In 1526 the Hapsburg dynasty got control of that land and Bohemia lost her independence.

With the introduction of Christianity, literature received its birth in Bohemia. In the tenth century fragments and in the fourteenth the entire scriptures were translated into the Bohemian language. With this impetus writers of history, of travel, of medicine, of law, of agriculture came forth in great numbers. In 1774 Maria Teresa tried to enforce the use of the German tongue in Bohemian schools. Father Baldin, S. J., wrote a superb treatise in the defence of the Bohemian tongue. Bohemia is a land of song; the nursery of music. It is the home of the author of "Humoresque"—Dvorak; of Smytana; of Kubelik and of Sevcik.

The written and spoken Bohemian language is old and difficult to master. To the beginner it seems to be full of unpronounceable words. Many of the words are vowel-less. The written page of Czech bristles with accents like a hedgehog's quills. In construction and melody it resembles the Greek. It is noted for its expressiveness and energy. It is not hindered by many auxiliaries and propositions. It expresses emotion in a lively manner. In Slovakia—the other half of the new republic—the Slovak language is mostly spoken. The Slovak language might be called the Doric dialect of Bohemian. It is vigorous and racy, and lends itself to effective oratary.

THE SEPARATION OF CHURCH AND STATE.

The condition of the Church in the new republic is very serious, not because Catholicity is at low ebb—for it rates today at 95 per cent—but because the ruling power is anti-Catholic. The faith of the Bohemian saints, St. Ludmila, St. John Nepomucene; St. Wencelaus, king and martyr, is the faith of the land. It is a vigorous faith planted there by SS. Cyril and Methodius, and still bears its fruit.

In spite of the large proportion of Catholics there, the

stubborn spirit of the Hussites and freethinkers and liberalists of old is still boldly strutting in village and town. This spirit is still deeply rooted in the breasts of the men who are at the helm. Many of these men are fallen-away Catholics—and a fallen-away Catholic is more dangerous than a pagan. He becomes bitter, a pagan often remains passive.

Dr. Masaryk, the first president of the new republic, is anti-Catholic. In his address in 1912 he states: "Rome is the bulwark and the center of the reactionary spirit. The Bohemian people, at least every educated Bohemian, is by nature and by national training against Rome. We have among our best Catholics a strong stream of reform-catholicism. The world needs unity, and a truly Unitarian religious bases." In the *New Europe* (1918) Dr. Masaryk writes: "Austria-Hungary, an altogether artificial state held together by the dynasty and army, anti-democratic, anti-national, clerical, Jesuitical, like Prussia sticks to the idea of the medieval empire . . . The Roman Pontifex since long ago led by Jesuitism and Machiavellianism are the politics and diplomacy of papal Rome."

Mr. Masaryk considers the union of Church and state a "relic of Hapsburg misgovernment." His views on the separation of Church and state—at present an established fact are given in the following communication—not an official document—sent to the Archbishop of Olomouc, Cardinal Skrbensky:

"Your Eminence: I have received your memorandum submitted in the name of the Czecho-Moravian bishops. Its tone is moderate, but, nevertheless it is a protest against several ordinances and measures taken up by the government's attitude regarding the question of Church and state.

Your memorandum lays stress on the need of harmonious co-operation of Church and state. With that I fully agree, but in my opinion this harmonious co-operation will be best reached by complete separation of Church and state, while Your Eminence does not wish to break the ties which unite the Church with the state. If you argue that success of the state demands close connection with the Church, let me point to the collapse of the central powers and especially Austria-Hungary. It is Austria-Hungary which must be to us a warning against the union of Church and state. Austria-Hungary and its dynasty made political misuse of the Church, and that was the beginning

of its downfall; not only in political but in moral respects. And this experience with Austria and knowledge of modern democratic states in which separation for Church has everywhere taken place, induces me to consider the separation of our new state from the Church as necessary in the interest of the state, of religion and morality.

Regarding the means to be used in bringing about this separation, I express my conviction and determination that we shall effect it without a so-called 'Kulturkamtpf.' Word reached me that the Vatican is adopting as the basis for its future policy towards various states a line of action elaborated by American Catholicism; all the sooner, I hope, will you also acknowledge the American precedent for the separation of Church and state. It is altogether my desire that we should be able to effect the separation with the help of the Church and those who rule it.

Religious instruction and training in the schools is also touched upon in your memorandum. That is a a question of its own and has no direct connection with the separation of Church and state. Still I admit that it is a very important question. It is not merely a question of how religious training is to be improved (experts—including those in holy Orders—are very dissatisfied with the religious teaching which has hitherto prevailed) but it involves the question of education. As far as this is concerned the Government measures have not yet been completed.

Since Your Eminence and bishops draw attention to the undesirable incidents which occurred in the schools, when the new government measures were being carried into effect, I no not hesitate to express my regret to the fact that the religious feelings of a considerable portion of the pupils and the population were offended.

The occupation of several monasteries to which Your Eminence also refers is justified by urgent needs of the state, which calls for similar sacrifices on the part of other public and private persons.

Your Eminence also points out the inquality in the act of May 29, and urges the need of the repayment of the war loan. The sequestration of ecclesiastical estates as provided for by the law is not confiscation, and as far as the war loan is concerned, the Government in its final decisions, will in this matter also show all needful consideration towards the interests of our citizens.

I have not considered several problems which will have to be solved when the separation is entirely complete. I would only like to assure Your Eminence once again that by the separation of Church and state, by eliminating politics from religion, I should like to achieve a rising moral standard."

There is need of making comment on this communication; it will be given when political affairs are in a more stable condition. German religious communities were asked by the government to sell their property. The Sacred Heart Nuns, the Benedictine sisters of St. Gabriel's and the monks of Emaus in Prague also received the same request.

Another fact that seemed to make the future of the Church in new republic rather dangerous is the formation of a National church, founded on January 7, 1920, by about 140 priests. That venemous spirit of the heretic—John Hus—that spirit of rebellion and insubordination has crept into the hearts of the clergy; members of the Church's own household. This schismatic movement of the reformists is receiving some support from the agrarian-socialistic government of Prague.

The newly consecrated and appointed Archbishop of Prague, Mgr. Kordac, a man of broad views in the best sense and an experienced leader, openly showed his opposition to the drastic "reforms" demanded by a small section of the clergy. December 17, 1919, the Archbishop issued his first pastoral letter to the clergy of his archdiocese. In referring to the Judases among the clergy he states that the Holy Father felt somewhat uneasy at the report of the clergy in Czecho-Slovakia. He quotes the warning of Our Lord to St. Peter and of His condemnation of Judas: "It were better for him if that man had not been born." "These words," he states, "are too true of all apostate priests." He lays stress on a sound study of philosophy and theology—principals of patristic and scholastic theology must be observed—but he repudates the crude demands of the reformists. He ends by denouncing the crime of schism and by strictly forbidding priests of his archdiocese to do anything that may lead to schism.

A reformist delegation of three was sent to Rome for concessions. Their crude requests in bare outline are as follows: the use of Czech in the services; voluntary celibacy of the clergy; the election of bishops and parish priests by the clergy and people; that the same power of a christian patriarch of the East must be given the Archbishop of

Prague; reform in the education of the clergy; the administration of ecclesiastical property to be handed over to a commission of priests and lay men acting independently of the bishops.

After an audience with the Holy Father the following response in brief was given the delegation:

1. "With regard to the Archbishop of Prague, the election of bishops, the education of the clergy and the administration of ecclesiastical property, all this is provided for in the Code of Cannon Law. Obedience must be given to the code. If modifications can be made in the existing discipline, they must be within the limit of the Code of the Canon Law."

2. "As to using the Czech language in the liturgy, some change (such as reading the Gospel and Epistle and the prayers in the supplementary ceremonies of the Sacraments in this tongue) could be studied and introduced, but only at the request of the bishops and on the normal lines of the Sacred Roman Congregations."

3. "With regard to clerical celibacy, no discussion will even be admitted on this point. The traditional discipline of the Latin Church in this matter must remain firm in all its vigor."

The remaining priests, 10,000 in all, clung to the old faith. The delegation was not over-joyed with the reply. Nor was the Union (Jednota) of the clergy, which sent that delegation to Rome. The extremist element of the Union tried to extort the concessions "via facti" January 7, 1920, about 160 reformists priests met in Smichov, a suburb of Prague. Here the foundation of a "National Czecho-Slovak Church" was voted on by a secret ballot: 140 favoring the establishment of a natinal church and 20 opposing it. Immediately the Holy See with its usual determination excommunicated (though not nominatim) the apostates, declaring that they had ipso facto incurred the excommunication.

The dead branches were lopped off and cast aside. The mighty tree that remained will grow more vigorously in the coming spring. In writing about the National church, a Catholic evening daily paper of Prague (January 9) says: "At the head of the new sect there will not be a single one who would be led by any religious idea. A short time will suffice to bring about a decay of this church which has its origin in offended ambition and was formed but for personal interests. The Czech people will not allow itself to be dragged into religious strifes in which it bled centuries ago."

To sum up the whole situation in a word: That same Church that withstood the terrible sledge hammer blows at the hands of the Hussites in the days of yore, can today resist the onslaughts of the nihilists, and the reformists.

A RETROSPECT OF THE SOCIETY IN THE NEW REPUBLIC.

a. (*Before the suppression: 1556–1773.*)

The Jesuits entered Bohemia in the year 1556, at a time when the faith was receiving crushing blows and fierce trampling from the "bloody liberator, who tried to free a bonded nation from the spiritual authority of Rome." The peasantry was demoralized. The nobles weakened at the sight of the wholesale pillage of churches and monasteries by a century and a half of merciless Hussanism.

Emperor Ferdinand I, a thoroughly devoted Catholic, saw the sad fate of the Church in Bohemia. Some one was needed to fan the flickering flame of the faith into new life. The fame of the Jesuits reached his ears. He did not hesitate long to make arrangements with the the Pope and with St. Ignatius to have the Jesuits come to Bohemia. Though St. Ignatius was short of men, he sent 12 priests to Bohemia April 12, 1336. Before their departure these 12 missionaries had an audience with the Pope, Paul IV. "Go," he said "behold I send you as lambs among wolves. Go forth, bring forth fruit! May your fruit remain. You will have to suffer bitternesses at the hands of the schismatics, but never lose your courage. Keep your eyes fixed on your leader Jesus Christ. He fought! He was victorious! He will ever be at your side! He will ever protect you! Faithfully serve your Lord and Master! Go fight the good fight!" After these few words he gave them his benediction and sent them forth into Bohemia. Three-fourths of the journey was made on foot. Ferdinand joyfully received this little band of Jesuits. He gave them estates, monasteries abandoned in the time of the Hussite prosecution, money and means for support. These first missionaries were Italians, Spaniards and Belgians.

June 7, 1556 the Jesuits opened a Catholic University in an abandoned Dominican convent of St. Clement. Within two years twenty-two lads were sent to the Roman noviatiate of the Society. In this university in

the year 1696—sixty years after its establishment—1,390 students were recorded. That same year in the entire province of Bohemia 7155 students were registered, consisting of fourteen different nationalities. On file among that number we find a Mohamedan from Turkey; Simeon by name. Before leaving Prague at the completion of his studies he was received into the Church.

Bohemia was created a province September 23, 1623. At that time the provincial had his residence in Prague. Under his jurisdiction were two seminaries, two colleges for day scholars and one boarding school; one house for retreats and a house for professed, all in Prague itself. Outside of Pragne the provincial controlled 26 colleges, 28 preparatory seminaries, 32 residences, 45 missions, three novitiates and two tertianships.

Fifty years after the entrance of the Society into Bohemia the members increased from 12 to 127. At the time of the suppression—after a period of 160 years—the Society controlled 75 houses throughout the entire Bohemian province, including 1,239 members; of that number 746 were priests. They cared for 10,730 students and 957 seminarians. It must be here noted that Bohemia, Moravia and Silesia belonged to the province of Bohemia. During these 160 years, besides the work of education, Ours labored at the missions, gave retreats, taught catechism, founded sodalities of which kings were members, and established pilgrimages in honor of our Blessed Mother.

b. (*After the restoration of the Society, 1853–1920.*)

Owing to the disturbances of liberals, the Jesuits were unable to return officially to Bohemia until 40 years after the restoration. In 1853 the Society took charge of a German seminary in north Bohemia, eventually established at Mariaschein, near the frontier of Saxony. In the year 1866, at the invitation of Cardinal Swarcenberg, the Society took possession of the ancient church of St. Ignatius in Prague. Hallowed and tender memories still clung to that old edifice then as they do today. The corner stone of this imposing church was laid in 1665. After six years the church was completed, during the reign Clement X as Pope. and Leopold I as Emperior. Attached to the church were a college, a high school and a seminary.

In the year 1887 St. Hostyn, a place of pilgrimage, was placed in the hands of the Jesuits.

In a brief to Rev. Father General (dated July 11, 1919)

the Pope, Benedict XV, founded a "Papal Institute" at Velehrad in Checho Slovakia, and placed it in the hands of the Bohemian Jesuits. The purpose of the Institute is to protect and spread the faith among tho Slav people by training and educating missionaries and apostolic men. Graduates are at liberty to enter any Order they choose, provided that that Order has missionary labors as one of its ends and aims.

The status of the vice-province today is as follows: One Papal institute, two colleges, one at Mariaschein and the other at Peague; two novitiates, one at Velehrad and the other at Trnava; and five residences at Prague, Regina-Hradec, Hostyn, Bratislav and at Opava. The members of the Society in the vice-province number 154: 85 priests, 29 scholastics and 50 lay-brothers.

Thus by slow degrees the Society is once again taking up its shattered work in Czecho-Slovakia. The vice-province is very poor; it is struggling. Our only hope lies in pravers, in your prayers in America and in our prayers in Czecho-Slovakia.

REV. J. OVECKA, S, J.

PROGRESS OF THE SODALITY MOVEMENT

(*Continued*)

THE SODALITY IN PARISHES*

Having summarized the work of Sodalities in schools and the possibilities of organization there, we shall go on to the second natural division on the subject, the organization in parishes. To begin with, it may be well to say something more about the value of this work from the standpoint of the missionary or of the preacher who is comissioned to give a retreat to a parish. Not long ago we were speaking with one of the veteran missionaries of the Society in this country concerning the possibilities of sodality organization in the parish and he became enthusiastic over the value of the foregoing suggestions from the standpoint of the missionary.

"How often it happens to me," said he, "to go into a parish and give a mission where I had been perhaps eight or ten years before, and some poor souls are sure to say 'Father, I went to my duties when you gave the mission here ten years ago, but somehow or other I

*NOTE—See WOODSTOCK LETTERS, February, 1919.

have never gotten back again.' They made good resolutions and resolved upon a new start but they had no definite incentive or reminder from without, and so they drifted into the old routine of sin very soon, and ran along in indifference and neglect until another mission shook them out of their tepedity and recalled the good resolutions they had made ten years ago and failed to keep at all."

Now in a case like this, if the mission culminates in organization of a true sodality, not in the mere reception of a great number of members with a sort of a general and vague idea that they were "joining the sodality," without any knowledge of what the sodality means nor any definite activities to keep them in touch with it, but in the formation of a well-organized, systematically-established sodality thoroughly imbued with the active and fervent spirit of sodalists, then this nucleus of fervent people will serve as a sort of anchor for the congregation and be a living and permanent memorial of the spiritual benefit and the good resolutions brought by the mission.

In this connection one may well call attention to the facts that one of the most valuble and practical elements of the work of the mission or retreat is often to be found in the conversations one has with the pastor concerning sodality organization. If he becomes enthusiastic and well-informed on the methods and practices of a well-organized sodality, then the work is more than half done because he can continue to interest and instruct his people until he forms the body of volunteers brought in by the missionary into a really well organized and enthusiastic body of workers and has a true sodality, organized on the traditional lines. Therefore the more we can tactfully say to the pastor about the sodality and the more information and suggestions we can leave with him concerning the work, the more permanent and fruitful it will be.

There are several ways which have been found practical and successful in beginning a sodality organization in the parish. One is, of course, the holding of a mission or retreat during the course of which instructions are given in the true spirit of the sodality, its crowning devotion toward the Blessed Virgin, the three-fold purpose, to stir up in the sodalists a zeal personal for holiness, the help of the neighbor and the defence of the Church, and its priviliges and indulgences, together with special talks from time to time on particular works of the So-

dality, on the help of the missions, the spread of Catholic literature, the organization of sections to promote sociability and welcome the new comers in the parish, the care of the poor, catechetical instruction, and similar good works which can be brought in during the course of other instructions or dealt with separately in conferences just as the preacher may find more convenient.

Obviously all these subjects fit in very well in the general purpose of the retreat, particularly in its latter stages when the retreatants are stirred up to fervor and begin to wish to do something special in the service of God. Each individual should be exhorted to choose some particular work to which he or she feels inclined to take up with energy, careful explanation being made that no one is so be asked to do very much or to take on any serious burden, but that a great body of work can be accomplished if each one does faithfully a little in honor of the Blessed Virgin. When, however, the time does not serve for a regular course of instructions, a great deal can be done in one or two days if the matter is well in hand and if a good deal of energy is expended in stirring up zeal and fervor of the active workers of the cougregation.

In a previous article we have already given an account of the very remarkable result of one day's work in St. Thomas' Parish, Chicago. This experience has been repeated quite frequently, not indeed in all its details nor in its full success, but according to the varying conditions of the parishes. Thus for example, there was a recent instance in a northern town where the bishop of the diocese, in whose city we had been lecturing, was very much interested in sodality organization as we explained it. So he took us by train to a nearby town where there was one very large Catholic parish for the entire town. We dropped in upon the pastor quite late Saturday evening and the bishop began to explain to him that there was a system of parish organization which would prove extremely effective in his parish. The pastor, one could see, was rather startled.

"We have already," said he, "quite a few organizations in this parish. There is for example the parish guild which collects funds and buys us real estate. For heaven's sake don't interfere with that! Then there is the sanctuary society which takes care of the altars, the sociability guild which promotes entertainments for our people, and the sewing circle which does work for the

church. What are we to do with all these in this new form of organization?"

"Why," said I, "they will fit in admirably. All these different activities may be made sections of the sodality. We shall get in all the zealous and fervent people of the congregation, train them to special devotion to the Blessed Mother and the observance of the sodality rules and then the workers in these special lines will keep up their present activities but they will be consecrated now in a special way to the Blessed Mother and will partake of the privileges and indulgences of sodalists."

"First rate," said the pastor, "suppose you preach at all the masses tomorrow morning and tell the people about this work."

Next morning as Providence would have it, there was the worst blizzard of the year, and we waded knee-deep through the snow to get to the church. But a surprisingly large number of the people had gathered, nevertheless, and at one mass after the other we told them of the purpose and spirit of the sodality, and invited everyone who wished to do so and was resolved to observe the rules, to become a member of this holy society and to work for their personal holiness, the help of the neighbor and the spread of the Church. The following evening there was to be a meeting of the social guild of the parish and so at the pastor's suggestion we went in and began the organization of the sodality. Most of the people of the parish were present.

Repeating briefly the previous explanations of sodality membership, we invited the congregation to divide into four parts—the young men in one corner of the hall, the married men in another; the young women opposite, and the married women in the fourth corner. After reminding them of the purpose and ideals of the sodality, I directed them to choose temporary officers which was done. We then announced that at every mass on the following Sunday, the pastor would repeat the invitation to become sodalists, and there would be a group—one member from each division—at every door of the church to take down the names and addresses of all who wished to join the sodality and who were not present at that meeting. In this way the foundation of the sodality was laid, application was made to Rome for the diploma and when we departed everything was in a very promising state. Of course, there arose difficulties and delays. A good deal of earnest encouragement by letter was necessary to keep the pastors interested and hope-

ful and at first their reports were rather gloomy. The men especially were not coming forward in attending the meetings as they should. Indeed, it looked for a little while as though the pastors might become discouraged and give up the work, when of a sudden the reports grew brighter, the skies cleared, the work was getting its impetus, the people were very much interested, the organization got on a solid basis and things were satisfactory. So the chapter closes with a good and fervent sodality, from reports, and great satisfaction on the part of both pastors and people. Indeed this element of perseverance is an extremely important feature of all successful sodality work. The sodality is sometimes unreasonably expected to do what no good organization can be called on to accomplish, to produce results with a proportionate amount of effort. A well-organized sodality is like a good machine. It will give results out of proportion to the work which is put into it, but some work must be invested, otherwise the machine will not keep in good order nor go on running. Therefore, a good deal of perserverance, patient experimenting and persistent effort is required, but the results obtained far more than compensate for whatever effort is necessary in the beginning.

There have been other similar experiences. Not long ago, in the course of a trip to one of the camps to give a mission during holy week, we stopped off by chance at a small but flourishing city, because the train delayed there for a little over half an hour. Strolling up the street to find the Catholic church, we came upon it suddenly, a fine and well-kept structure, and called on the pastor, to have at least a few words with him before the train started again for the camp. The talk soon fell to sodality organization, and in a few minutes the pastor kindled with enthusiasm and expressed a very earnest wish that we might come to organize his parish as soon as opportunity served. After some months' delay, finding a day or two to spare we wrote and made appointment to come to his parish the following Sunday. It was a typical small town, the people good, fervent, and with a little more time perhaps at their disposal than the feverish and hurried inhabitants of the large cities. They listened with a great deal of attention to the talk we gave at the last mass and after an explanation of the purpose and aims of the sodality we invited them all to come to a meeting in the hall-basement of the church. The attendance was very good,

and there was a fair representation of men and so we organized the sodality at once. The aims and purposes of the sodality were briefly repeated, and those present divided into four groups—young men, married men, young women and married women. It was decided to take up four activities: Mission work, work for Catholic literature, sociability, the welcoming of new comers and catechetical instruction; and each group was instructed to form sections accordingly, all the members volunteering for one or another of the four activities. We then had four groups and four sections in each group—missions, sociability, Catholic literature, and catechetical instruction. The sections for the same purpose were then invited to re-group themselves together into committees on the above-named subjects, each committee composed of members from the young mens', young ladies', married mens' and married womens', sodality respectfully. For each committee an active and energetic president, secretary and treasurer was chosen and each committee was then instructed as to its work and the methods of the work. A rather interesting instance was the work of the catechetical committee. In the course of our chats with the pastor before the organization committee, we had asked him whether there was need for the catechetical instruction of children.

"No," said he, "none at all. The excellent school conducted by the sisters has practically all the Catholic childen for pupils and they teach them their faith splendidly."

"Well," said I, "are there no Italians, Poles, or other Catholic people in the neighborhood who are not getting instructions?"

"Oh, yes," said the pastor. "There is a colony of Italians about eight miles away and another about twelve miles away, and another one off north of here, but nothing can be done for them."

"Do they get any spiritual administration at all?" said I.

"None at all," said he. "There is no way of reaching them. They are way out in the country where there is no train or car service. Their children are growing up without any Catholic teaching. It is too bad but it cannot be helped."

"Well," said I, "why not try to get volunteers to go out in automobiles and look up those children?"

"You can try it," said the pastor, "but I don't think it will work."

On the evening of our organization meeting I called for volunteers who had large touring cars and would lend them every Sunday afternoon to take parties of catechetical teachers to these Italian colonies. Two ladies at once came forward, each the owner of a seven-seated touring car, and then I called for volunteers to go out with them and look up the Catholic children and organize catechism classes. In a moment or two we had six volunteers for each of the cars, which with the driver, made up the entire number required. Reports from this parish show that the work is going on in a very consoling way. The catechetical missionaries in their touring cars are ranging the countryside every Sunday and getting in touch with children who undoubtedly would have been lost to the Church without their aid. The committee on Catholic literature is getting subscriptions for the *Queen's Work*, establishing a parish library, and will take up other forms of the apostolate of the press. The mission section is gathering funds for the missions and an effort is being made—and will be developed still further—to welcome new comers to the parish.

There are a great many parishes in this country where the people are rather anxious to do something and require only some definite suggestions, and the matter of organizing them is far more simple and easy than one might think. It requires only a definite plan like the one described, and then a little enthusiasm and energy, and the results are consoling beyond all proportion to the work involved. It goes without saying that in all this work the attitude of the pastor is of supreme importance. If he is energetic and interested and enthusiastic, the people will not be slow in following the lead. Therefore, a great part of the work is to inspire and interest the pastor and to give him such definite information and suggestions as will enable him to carry on the work. It is astonishing what a pastor with a definite ideal and enthusiam can do with his people. But we shall have to defer further instances and discussion to another time.

E. F. Garesché, S. J.

PROTESTANT ACTIVITIES IN OUR PARISH.

Loretto Nativity Church.*

(*Continued.*)

Protestants as a rule do not hold their people, because their methods are wrong. They lead the people to Christ through the love of what they are going to get, and not through the love of God. Hence the churches are filled as long as their coffers are filled, but let their coffers be empty, their pews will follow suit. They themselves complain of this, time and time again in their reports, and often raise the question: Is it worth while to pursue these tactics in winning the people?

An experience which our pastor had will show how people will go to the Protestant Church just for what they can get and for no other reason:

A young man about 15 years old who went to St. Augustine's, seeing his Catholic friends going to St. Francis Xavier's College, came and asked Father Walsh if he could not send him also to college? Father Walsh noticing the lad's sincerity, determined to send him. That evening or the day after, our Protestant friend's mother came to Father Walsh and asked him what she, herself, was going to get for sending the boy to the Catholic school?

"What do you mean?" asked the Pastor.

"I mean, are you not going to pay my rent, at least, for giving you my boy?"

When the woman found out that we did not buy the the children, she prevented the boy from coming to Father Walsh.

Another incident came to the knowledge of the father in charge of the Sunday school. Three little girls came to him from St. Augustine's and said that they would like to join the Sunday school, which declaration was followed by a request for "saints"—meaning holy pictures. The priest gave them a few scapular-medals, little badges of the Sacred Heart and a few holy pictures. Two days after, six little girls came, including the three former ones. As a matter of study—to see what the children would do—the father brought down to them

*See Woodstock Letters, October, 1919.

a large assortment of pictures, medals and crucifixes. What a scramble there was for the sacred objects! The larger girl who had brought the others claiming the lion's share. When the reverend father told her that she could not get all she demanded, the answer he received from the girl was: "Well father, if you do not give me these, I'll not come again, and I won't bring nobody no more."

For fear of losing these children the priest allowed her to have her way. Soon after the children came again, but the priest had nothing to give them. He was then told that they would never come any more if he did not give them something. In vain were they told that they should not come to the church or Sunday school for the gifts, but for the love of God. The children came no more.

These two instances will answer convincingly enough the second question: "Do the results of Protestants among the Italians justify their expenditures?"

Were we to ask a Protestant this question, he would answer: "Of course, for no expense can be too great to snatch even a dozen souls from the Church of Rome." But if they answered this question sincerely they would say: "Hardly, for in all cases the proselytizer has gained the body but in no case or in very few cases at least, has he gained the soul of the child or parent." This fact has been strikingly manifest during the influenza epidemic of 1919, when many a would-be Protestant mother or father called not the Protestant minister, but the Catholic priest to administer the last rites of the Church to themselves and children alike.

Before telling how we try to save our people from Protestant influence we must take a peep into the activities of St. Luke's Reformed Episcopal Church on 2nd avenue and 6th street; and also the Church of All Nations on 2nd avenue between Houston and 1st streets.

On the corner stone of St. Luke's Church we read:

ERECTED A. D., 1891.

"Built upon the foundation of the prophets and and apostles. Jesus Christ Himself being the chief Corner Stone."

"Nisi Dominus Frustra"

The following is a list of clubs, guilds and societies belonging to this church:

St. Agnes' Boys' Club and Cadets—Supported by wealthy parishioners. Boys enrolled, 80. They have

drill and games and outings and swims in the Y. M. C. A.

Girls' Friendly Society (Young Girls.) They sew for institutions and send large boxes to them at stated times. They have tea parties and outings to which the male clubs are invited, also dancing, ball playing, swimming, etc. These young girls teach other clubs to attend to the altar and help in the parish.

St. Anne's Guild for girls and young married women. These have amusements similar to those mentioned above. They sew for the altar and missions. Their "Cradle Roll', is interesting. The object of the Roll is to secure the name of every child baptised in the church and enter its name on the Roll. On each birthday a card is sent that the parents may know that the child is being remembered by the church. The parents are always delighted with the birthday cards and become greatly interested in the Cradle Roll. When the children are admitted to the primary department of the school, the parent is notified and the child is brought by them, or by one appointed for that purpose. In this way the department assists the parents in seeing that the child is trained according to its baptismal vows, in the truth of God's word and in praying for himself and others. During the year two names have been added to Roll.

St. Vincent's Guild for Acolytes. These are the altar boys, who enjoy the sports and outings and other pleasures enumerated before and which seem to be essential to the upkeep of the various clubs and guilds.

St. Luke's Mens' Club for the men of the parish. They have a gymnasium, shower baths, a skating rink, where ofttimes all the guilds and clubs assemble. The men give 10 per cent of the club dues for missions. The club consists of 43 members, all active in church work, either as Sunday school teachers, acolytes or instructors of other clubs. They must be over 18 years of age.

St. Alban's Guild for boys between 15 and 18 years of age. They have sports, outings, pool room and reading room, gymnasium. This guild contains 28 members.

St. Ambrose Guild for boys between 12 and 15 years of age. They may use the pool room, gymnasium, read-room when not in use by the other guilds.

Guild of the Holy Name for boys not confirmed. These get cocoa and buns every day on their return home from school at 3 p. m. While eating the chaplain gives them an instruction. The sweetness of the

cocoa taking away the bitterness of reproof without diminishing its effectiveness.

Guild of St. Elizabeth. Eighty-five members; 40 attend—all women who make articles of clothing, table napkins, etc., to be sent to institutions. They give plays to gain funds. Last Christmas they sent a box valued at $350.00 and a check for $100.00 to a matron of a certain institution.

The Sunday school of St. Luke's Episcopal Church has 232 members with a faculty of 24 officers and teachers. The one object of the Sunday school is "to exalt the bible as a text book, and to discourage the use of any of the so-called 'helps' which might usurp its place." Bibles are given as premiums for good attendance and efficiency.

Just a word about the "Church of All Nations," Second avenue between Houston and First streets. It is Methodist Episcopal and follows the methods of the other Protestant churches in proselytizing by gifts and money. This church offers the moving picture shows to the children of the neighborhood, and not a few children go. Little teddy bears, hobby horses, baseball bats and tin horns are often seen in the hands of the children who frequent the church. Thus the children are attracted by the toys they get. The "grown-ups" are captivated by the following syllogism:

"Christ came to found the Church of All Nations."
Atqui—"This is the Church of All Nations."
Ergo—"This is the Church that Christ founded."

True to its name this church holds services every Sunday in several languages: in Russian, Chinese, Italian, Spanish and Grecian. Its emblem is one flag composed of the several nations.

To get our Italian adults it has started an Italian-English night school for the older folks of the parish.

So much for the Protestant activities in our parish.

A few words about the manner in which we try to snatch the souls — of children especially—from the proselytizer may not be out of place.

To understand thoroughly our work here, a description of the tenement house with its tenants is necessary.

An ordinary tenement house contains five stories and basement; four families usually occupying a floor, though not infrequenty five and even six families are found huddled together on the same floor. The hallways in nearly all the houses are more or less dark even during the brightest part of the day. In winter, just

before the gas is lighted, dungeon darkness reigns. When groping his way through the dark passages, a priest usually must imitate a ferryboat in a thick fog and give a danger signal when he hears someone approaching; but even when all is silent he must proceed with caution lest he stumble against a baby who is quietly sitting in the dark hall or on the stairs, or kick a dog or cat patiently waiting for some door to open. In the old-style tenements, of which we still have a very great number, there is absolutely no way of getting light or air into the halls. In the newer houses a scanty supply of air comes directly from the air shafts at the side of the hall, but these air shafts are too high and too narrow to give much light or air to the lower floors. In the older houses the sink is frequently found in the hall, where the four tenants living on the same floor get their water. These sinks in the dark halls are a source of great inconvenience. They are often a menace to health both to the person stumbling against them as well as the tenants breathing the foul vapors arising therefrom. In the new tenements the sink is never placed in the hall.

Passing from the hall into the living quarters one finds every variety of home. Some of them poor neglected, wretched and dirty. In most of these cases however the neglect and dirt are not due to the slovenliness of the tenant, but to the wretched condition in which she finds herself. One of our fathers during the summer received a notification from the "Red Cross" saying: "Kindly visit No. —, Houston street, top floor back, left, and see what you can do for them—dirt! filth!—try to get screens!"

The father was nettled for a while, wondering why the "Red Cross" did not attend to all this itself, especially since the oldest boy had gone to the war and was then over in France. However, the father visited the family at about 8. A. M. when the rooms are generally at their worst. What a sight! Two small front rooms with a still smaller bedroom—dirt all around and flies swarming in through the windows by the thousand! The mother was over the wash tub, the oldest girl, 12 years old, was getting breakfast ready for herself and her nine little brothers and sisters, still sleeping and sprawling all over the floor. When the priest asked the mother why she did not pay more attention to cleanliness the poor woman replied,

"Father, how can I, you see how I am situated. My

husband is not working and the Red Cross has not given me any help since my boy left for France, and that is about three months ago. The children are too young to work."

Shortly after, the same father was asked by the superintendent of public charities to inquire about the committal of the children of Mrs. X, Forsyth street, 4th floor back, left. He went at once! The story of poor Mrs. X: Her husband had just died leaving her with five children, the youngest being four months old, and with absolutely no money to support them. The priest found four bare walls; no stove, a rickety old bed, half a chair and five tots playing like mice on the the floor. The young mother was washing clothes, trying to scrape up a few pennies to feed her hungry children."

While there are some homes where the floor is bare and dirty, the furniture broken and scanty, the table greasy, the bed linen yellow, the air foul and heavy, the children pale, frowsy and sticky, still there is also another and brighter side. There are also at the same time hundreds of cheerful, happy homes in the tenement houses. The floor is frequently as clean and white as the "Gold Dust Twins" can make them. The table cloth and bed linen, although of coarse material are snowy white. The stove has the brightness of a mirror, the cheap lace curtains are the perfection of cleanliness, and the simple furniture shines from recent polishing. There is nothing offensive about the well-washed faces of the children. A few favorite flowers are growing on the window sill. The room contains a book shelf with a few popular volumes. A bird cage hangs from the ceiling, and the little songster seems to feel that his music is appreciated in this tenement kitchen and pours forth more rich and tender notes than are ever heard in the silent chambers of the wealthy. In such homes the oft-recurring motto "God Bless Our Home" is not an idle mockery.

The rent is an ever-present and unceasing source of anxiety to a great many poor people. The family is sometimes obliged to go half-clothed and to live on the cheapest and coarsest food in order to provide the rent money. The monthly rent is a veritable sword of Damocles hanging over many a father and mother. The thread of this sword often-times snaps and the family is served with dispossession papers. The landlords are too often harsh and peremptory in their demands for rent and many a time two or three weeks' arrears bring the

ever-dreaded papers of dispossession. The father in charge of the poor in our parish has all he can do at times to prevent his parishoners from being evicted—by obtaining rent money for them from the charitable organizations. Once in a while one sees a small heap of poor household stuff standing on the sidewalk guarded by children, while the distressed mother is frantically rushing from friend to friend in search of help.

To prevent all her worldly possessions from being thrown on the street, a poor mother will stitch and stitch from early morn till late at night, making on an average six or seven dollars a week. Even when she has the wherewith to pay the rent and is willing to do so she is not entirely free from the apprehension of being dispossessed. She must also be satisfied with the condition of the rooms in which she lives and not dare ask the landlord to repair a leaking roof or a soggy floor or to whitewash the walls with their accumulated dirt of many a generation.

One poor woman was served with dispossession papers because she insisted that she would not pay the rent while a large hole in the wall remained unplastered. Through it came the rains of summer and the snows of winter. She had been asking for its repair for three years in succession, and her resolution—in not paying the rent—came near causing her goods to be thrown on the street had not the said father in charge of the poor intervened.

FR. D. CIRIGLIANO, S. J.

(*To be continued*)

BOOKS OF INTEREST TO OURS

Collection de la Bibliothèque des Exercises de Saint Ignace. Etudes et Documents paraissant tous les deux mois, No. 60. Sixième de 1919. Bibliographie des récentes publications sur les Exercises Spirituels et les Retraites (1914-1919). par C. P. H. Watrigant, S. J., Rédacteur, Bibliothèque des Exercises, Enghien, Belgique.

This is a very valuable and useful number of the C. B. E. It is the first we have received since 1914, and we welcome it most heartily, as it is the promise of more to come. The indefatigable Father Watrigant has collected in No. 60 all the publications, books, etc., in every tongue, which have appeared in print during the years 1914-1919. He has also included, it is important to note, books, articles, etc., which escaped his notice and were not published in the Bibliographies issued in 1907, 1909, and 1913. This number gives a precious analytical table of subjects contained in the ninth and tenth series of the C. B. E.

No. 61-62, Janvier-Mars, 1920 Mélanges Watrigant Etudes Historques et Ascetiques dédies au C. P. Henry Watrigant S. J. Souvenir Jubilaire de la fondation da sa Bibliothèque, (1890-1915) et de son entrie en religion (1868-1918).

This number of the C. B. E. is properly and lovingly dedicated to its founder and editor and veteran religious, Father Watrigant. It celebrates a double event, the silver jubilee of the founding of the Bibliothèque and the golden jublee of the editor's entrance into the Society. Because of the conditions at Enghien during the war the jubilee celebration had to be very quiet, and was almost entirely a domestic affair. But after the war-clouds had disappeared the brethren of Father Watrigant and some of his friends conspired to issue a special number of the C. B. E. in his honor, as a fitting and well-deserved tribute to him as a jubilarian, and more especially as the zealous promoter of retreats to men and the founder of the Bibliothèque des Exercises C. B. E. Hence the title, Mélanges Watrigant.

The Mélanges are made up of contributions by various writers, Ours and others. Some of these articles pay a loving tribute to the venerable jubilarian, while the others treat of various questions or topics connected with the Exercises.

Catholic Beginnings in Kansas City, Missouri; Gilbert J. Garraghan, S.J. Loyola University Press. 1920. $1.50.

This historical sketch is remarkably well done. Father Garraghan, with keen historical instinct, writes nothing,

asserts nothing but what he has learned from his sources, many of them hitherto unpublished. When these are not clear or not decisive he says so. Traditions, too, are given, but with all the caution of a reliable writer. The sketch is most interesting, made all the more so by a simple and easy style. Chapter five, wherein Father Garraghan recounts more particularly the ministery of Ours in Kansas City is of special interest to us. The work is a decided contritribution to the early history of the Church in the United States.

Man's Great Concern. The Management of Life. Ernest Hull, S. J. P. J. Kenedy & Son, New York. Cloth, $1.25. Paper, 25 cents.

We wish for this book the widest possible circulation. No where have we found so fullly, so briefly, and withal so clearly put all that pertains to man's greatest concern, the Management of Life. As Father Wynne puts it in his foreword: "In simple chapters, by question and answer, Father Hull advances from the programme to the law of life, to the knowledge of the law, its obligation, observance, breach and sanction. He analyzes in the most interesting way the elements of life which ordinarily are treated in elaborate books of psychology or of ethics, and he has the happy faculty of expressing his analysis in terms that the simplest mind can grasp. Thus he analyzes Will, Sense, Passion, Habit, Speech, Imagination. He exposes the process of all these. The crowning chapters of this book tell how the laws of life are to be applied as between parents and children, teacher and pupil, worker and servant, merchant and tradesman, author and reader, physician and patient, lawyer and client, official and citizen. Never before has such valuable information been impressed within the covers of a single book. To nine-tenths of the readers it will come as a revelation, nay, they will be disposed to consider why it has never been presented before."

We repeat it, and we pray that this excellent book, so well printed, and so cheap—paper only 25 cents. may have the widest circulation. It is suited for every class, and more than ever needed when so many are slipping the moorings on right living, because they have lost sight of or are ignorant of the principles to guide them in their Great Concern, the Management of Life.

Summarium Theologiæ Moralis ad Recentem Codicem Juris Canonici accommodatum. Auctore Antonio M. Arregui, S. J. Editio quarta. Kenedy & Sons, New York, 1919.

This handy compendium of moral theology has already gone through four editions, a fact that attests its practical utility. It needs no review here. Suffice it to say that it has been everywhere received as one of the most popular compendia of the day. There is a very full alphabetical index, as well as an index of the canons referred to in the work.

The Priests' Vade Mecum or Rules of Sacerdotal Perfection. By Pierre Bouvier, S. J. Translated from the latest French edition. P. J. Kennedy & Sons, New York, 1919. Price $1.00. Postpaid $1.04.

The preface of this booklet of 140 pages is written by Archbishop McIntyre, Auxiliary of Birmingham, England. He highly commends the work. "It is the fruit," he says "of much experience with the work, needs, and difficulties of an ordinary parish priest's life. . . . . It contains practical instruction for a parish priest's own self as well as for the working of the parish." Those of Ours who are engaged in giving retreats to priests will find this booklet helpful for hints and a good thing to recommend to the clergy. It is small enough to be carried in one's vest pocket.

First-Fruits. A series of short meditations. By Sister Mary Philip, with a preface by Rev. J. B. Joggar, S. J. P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York, 1919. Price $1.00. Postpaid, $1.05.

These meditations are all short and suggestive, have been written for those who, having left our schools and colleges, are entering upon the battle of life. These young people need constant strengthening in the love of God. They must pray to foster this love in their souls. The meditations will also be found useful for others. They cover the whole range of Christian faith, and the life of our Lord and the Blessed Mother.

"Facing Danger," by Francis J. Finn, S.J. Benziger Bros., New, York. Price, $1.25.

Here is a fine, sincere estimate of Father Finn's latest story.

"The title of it is 'Facing Danger,' and it is quite rightly named, since its heroes are facing danger in almost every one of the twenty-three chapters.

"Yes, heroes—not merely hero in the singular. For 'Facing Danger,' has no less than three distinct and separate heroes.

"Adventure? There's adventure after adventure in 'Facing Danger.' Any amount of it, and all of it of the most stirring sort—and it takes place first in New Orleans, then in British Honduras, and after that in South America itself.

"Humor? 'Facing Danger' can not be accused of lacking plenty of good fun.

"There is no need of adding that Father Finn's latest story is permeated all the way with the truest Catholic spirit. But one wishes to say that it is none the worse for its not in the least declamatory championship of a society which has for centuries been constantly attacked, defamed and vilified by the enemies of Catholicity, owing to this Society's nobly untiring and gloriously successful activity in behalf of God and His Church.

" 'Facing Danger' deserves to rank with the very best of its author's earlier stories"—*New World.*

OBITUARY

Father Simon A. Ryan.

The remains of Father Ryan, who died May 3, 1919, rest in the little cemetery of Saint Mary's, Kansas, not far from where some of his best days were spent, and where his activities made the place very dear to him. For his early religious labors were at Saint Mary's College, Kan., as teacher, prefect and Prefect of Studies, and the last labors of his life were given, with rare zeal, to the care of the parish of St. Mary's.

Father Ryan was born at Urbana, Ohio, made his classical course at St. Xavier College Cincinnati, entered the Society July 21, 1883, at Florissant, Mo., and was ordained to the priesthood by Cardinal Gibbons at Woodstock, Md., June 28, 1898.

Father Ryan was one of those natures that reveal themselves by intense feeling and earnest application in whatever situation they are placed. God had given him many fine gifts of body and soul. He had a strong, healthy body, a gentle bearing that made him stand out in a crowd and a good mind that was cultivated with earnest, careful attention and patient industry. It seemed easy for him to take up successfully, any position his superiors assigned him. It was his use of spare moments as a scholastic on some practical and extra subject that made it easy for him in after life to apply himself and be ready for whatever he was assigned to.

His judgment was clear, quick and logical. To many strong, natural virtues he had trained himself with great care to add the graces of the religious life. He was a good religious. While not stressing external piety, he was exact in his spiritual duties, and scrupulously punctual at community exercises. He was above all sincere in small things. This fine manly character and strong personality trained with more than ordinary care for the great work A. M. D. G. made him deeply in earnest when he was appointed to any duty. He thought it all out, had very definite ideas about it, fixed up his plan and was ready to back it up with all the earnestness of his intense nature. He then felt sure of himself. He was firm, but perhaps too uncompromising when his plans were brought in contact with the interest of his fellow workers or when he had to direct the duties of his fellow religious. He was inclined to be short and apparently impulsive in his decisions and was somewhat unable to conceal his intense feelings when his plans did not meet the approval of others.

This earnest, unsoftened disposition warded off a popular-

ity that usually thrusts itself on an attractive personality such as Father Ryan's. When after his very successful work in the colleges, in which he spent eleven years, six as prefect of studies and five in teaching, he was appointed to the work of the ministry, he was very well fitted to command the attention of the people. In 1907 he was selected as one of the missionaries of the Missouri Province. He had an unusually fine presence, a very fine voice for preaching and singing and excellent matter for his sermons. He was big-hearted and sympathetic with people and tender as a mother when he came in contact with their trials and troubles. Naturally, these qualities captivate the crowd. But Father Ryan was the last man to court popularity and his tone of speech and manner in the pulpit, while very telling, was not such as to awaken cheap sentiment or win airy applause. He wanted results; he wanted souls, not merely those of the finer kind, but souls that were hardened in sin and that needed honest, earnest plain truths to enable them to dig through the crust that had settled over their hearts.

Father Ryan worked hard and faithfully for eight years on the missions. His heart was in his work. In his free time he compiled with much labor a very useful manual for the direction of the missionaries of the Missouri Province and a method for the Holy Hour, and was preparing a book of devotions. But he was forced to give up this and his missionary work. He caught a severe cold in December, 1915, which caused an abcess in the ear and resulted in a mastoid operation. He slowly recovered from this delicate operation and in September, 1916, being thought well enough to take up the work of a pastor, was appointed to St. John's church, Omaha, Neb.

His natural ability and careful attention to details brought him into notice in a very short time. He planned, he organized, he urged and insisted in such a firm manner on putting things in the order he had thought out, that the people judged him stern and severe. They mistook his courage and zeal for harshness. But in daily contact with him, when they felt the spirit of the real man, all their feelings changed to attachment. But the people of Saint John's did not long enjoy their true friend. In September 1917, Father Ryan was changed to Saint Mary's, Kansas, where he took up the duties of pastor of that parish and where it was thought lighter work would be less trying on his impaired health.

Here, again, he entered into the work of the parish, with his wonted earnestness and zeal.

But the malady that forced him from the mission work lurked in his system and took the form of an annoying asthma that kept him in a state of suffering night and day for many months. He could get little rest and that usually in his chair. The wonder is that he could keep up with his many duties in the parish so energetically and so faithfully,

with so much pain and with so little rest. At last the break came. On March 29, Father Ryan went to Saint Joseph's Hospital, Kansas City, Mo., where he was to undergo two operations for nasal and broncial trouble. The first operation was performed and he was preparing for the second when heart trouble developed and on April 27, his condition became alarming. He received the Last Sacraments and with great resignation and true Christian courage prepared for the end. His death occured 6.30 A. M., May 3.

He was taken to Saint Mary's, Kans., for interment. The real estimate of the people was manifest by the great concourse of people of all classes that hastened to the church and that attended the funeral.

The Missouri Province has lost in the death of Father Ryan a strong man, a good religious, an earnest worker, and a true son of St. Ignatius.—R. I. P.

Father Eugene A. Magevney.

On the eve of Pentecost, June 7, 1919, at eleven o'clock in the morning, Father Eugene A. Magevney, Vice-Rector of the house of Third Probation, at Brooklyn Station, Cleveland, Ohio, died very suddenly, the result of a stroke of apoplexy. He had been ailing for a day or two, but made light of his illness. On the morning of his death he had said Mass and had gone about his duties as usual. Twice between ten and eleven o'clock he had gone to consult Father Minister on matters of business, and while returning to his room after the second visit stopped one of the workmen and chatted with him in his customary manner. Shortly after Father Minister went to Father Magevney's room and, finding it ajar, tapped on it lightly. Getting no response he opened the door and discovered Father Magevney prostrate on the floor and quite dead.

Father Magevney was born on December 1, 1855, at Memphis, Tennessee. At that time St. Louis University was largely frequented by Southern boys, and thither his parents sent him when he was about ten years old. He continued his studies there until he had finished rhetoric, after which, following the example of an older brother who had entered the Society of Jesus in Missouri some years earlier, he was received into the novitiate on July 27, 1872.

In his college classes, and later in the juniorate, he gave evidence of talent above the ordinary, supplemented by habits of order and method and diligent application which continued with him throughout his life. He was a book-lover and read and studied diligently and thoroughly all his days.

The fall of 1876 he went to Woodstock for philosophy. Three

years later he was recalled to his own province and put to teach classics and English literature in St. Xavier's College, Cincinnati. He was a very attractive and enthusiastic teacher, filled with zeal and energy, giving high satisfaction to superiors and to his pupils who made rapid progress under his care. He was particularly successful when in charge of literary or debating societies.

After four years of college work he returned to Woodstock in September, 1883, and began theology. Ordained to the priesthood in 1886, he continued his studies and on the conclusion of the course returned to Missouri. There was a scarcity of teachers in the province at the time and this resulted in his being employed during the following year in teaching rhetoric at St. Louis University. This ended, he was sent to his third year of probation at Florissant, and was admitted to the Profession of Four Vows on on August 15, 1891.

The succeeding seventeen years, with the exception of the five devoted to the hard and exhausting labors of missionary life, Father Magevney spent in college work, either as director of studies or filling the chair of poetry, rhetoric or philosophy in various colleges of the Missouri Province. On February 22, 1908, he succeded Father Michael P. Dowling in the presidency of Creighton University at Omaha, holding this office for a little more than six years. In August, 1914, he was transferred to St. Ignatius College, Chicago, and applied to teaching and the direction of sodalities. In the winter of the same year, while attending the provincial congregation at St. Mary's College, Kansas, he was chosen a delegate to the general congregation which met in Rome in the following February and elected the present Very Reverend Father General Wlodimir Ledóchowski.

After his return to America Father Magevney was employed exclusively in the study of the Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius and the giving of retreats. On September 26, 1918, he was appointed Vice Rector of the House of St. Stanislaus, Brooklyn, Ohio, and instructor of the fathers of the third year. When death overtook him he was busily engaged in preparation for the task before him, especially by composing a commentary on the new code of canon law as related to the domestic legislation of the Society.

It will be evident from this summary account of Father Magevney's career in the Society of Jesus that he was a man of considerable natural ability, perfected to a high degree of refinement by assiduous and untiring industry. With all his talent, however, he was retiring and diffident, fond of his room, averse to appearing in public; though his sermons and lectures, which were too infrequent, attracted much attention, especially in scholarly circles, and were listened to with evident interest and pleasure. This was

particularly true of a series of summer school talks on educational questions, afterwards developed into magazine articles and then published in pamphlet form, at the request of his appreciative hearers, by the Cathedral Library Association of New York. They were the product of extensive reading and deep and careful research into the details of a subject difficult in itself and not especially attractive to the majority, even those for whom education is a life work. Father Magevney's novel and skilful treatment of a somewhat arid theme filled it with life and beauty, arousing at once the interest and enthusiasm of hearers and readers. Perhaps the best known and appreciated of the series was a masterly exposition and defence of the Jesuit system of mental training, entitled "The Jesuits as Educators," several editions of which came from the press. In a brief introduction to the essay, by the publisher, this was said about it: "In small compass, without exaggeration, lucidly, forcibly, and with erudition, Father Magevney sets forth the history and character of the marvellous system of education embodied in the Jesuit *Ratio Studiorum*. We hope that it will go far to correct erroneous impressions gathered from either the maltreatment or the imperfect treatment of the subject in popular pedagogical books. The little book will be its own apology. Its graceful style, cultured diction and skilful array of facts will, we are sure, earn for it a warm welcome."

This reference to his grace of language is very happy. He was a delightful talker, most entertaining in conversation, notably so in mature life when the gleanings of many years of reading and travel had furnished his retentive memory with a fund of many-sided information. This would sometimes pour out in a stream, enlivened with anecdote and fine humor which was irresistible. From his school days he cultivated a natural and remarkable gift of ready and fluent speech which never failed him. After the lapse of many years the writer can still recall the memory of a hot afternoon in August, when, a very homesick boy, he was on his way to begin his noviceship at St. Stanislaus. Seated in the ancient carry-all which was then the ordinary vehicle of transport between the old college in St. Louis and the Noviciate at Florissant, the tedium of the six-hour journey, long, dusty, and wearisome to the soul, was immensely relieved by the continual chatter, often whimsical but very amusing, of little "Gene" Magevney, then a boy of ten or eleven years, who assured his companion that the prospect of spending four years in the company of Father Isidore Boudreau and the other "nice fathers" at St. Stanislaus was a piece of rare good fortune for him.

This admirable gift of cheerful and informing speech, rich in imaginative power and vivid portrayal of character and scenery, made Father Magevney a welcome companion at any time; never more so, perhaps, than when, as some-

times happened, he set himself, in a spirit of kindly charity, to enliven a gathering of people, such as, for example, a community recreation. It was noticeable also in his writings. It will suffice here to refer to his occasional contributions to the WOODSTOCK LETTERS, which were always sure of a ready acceptance by the editor and readers alike. He took a deep interest in the LETTERS, reading them eagerly, chiefly because they told him of the work that was being accomplished A. M. D. G., throughout the world, by the Society which he loved with his whole heart and soul.

This love for the Society was a conspicuous trait of his character, at least to those who knew him well. From the days of his noviceship he was a thoroughgoing, loyal, loving son of St. Ignatius, with constant unswerving devotion to the Society, and jealous and sometimes flaming zeal for its honor and good name. As a religious man he was always devout and exemplary, sincere and fervent in piety, unfailingly regular and exact in his habits of prayer and the faithful fulfilment of spiritual duties, even when suffering great pain or crippled by periodical attacks of severe illness. Perhaps while holding the office of superior his government of subordinates left something to be desired. A natural impulsiveness, coupled with a rigid adherence to law and what appeared at times to be an unwise extension to others of a severity which he practised himself, bore rather hard on individuals. It may be said, however, in all justice, that none doubted the purity of his motives, his real kindness of heart and his earnest efforts to be entirely impartial. There could be no doubt that he was most conscientious, and that an occasional abruptness of speech or irritation of manner was due to timidity of manner, nervousness and the effort of having to require what he was convinced was the right thing. As time went on he grew more mellow and displayed great patience and self-control, while his consideration and courtesy, fine manner and inventive kindness became recognized features of his intercourse with all who came into contact with him. R. I. P.

FATHER MICHAEL ZOELLER.

Father Michael Zoeller was born at Seligenstadt in the diocese of Mayence in what was then the Grand Duchy of Hesse Darmstadt, April 16, 1836. Although his childhood fell into the period during which the Catholic Church of Germany was suffering under the double yoke of Josephinism and narrow-minded Protestant bureaucracy, he was lucky in having as pastor a priest who was educated by a Jesuit of the old Society and had received his theological training in Rome, Rev. Adam Lennig. Dr. Lennig later

on was called to Mayence to become the dean of the cathedral, and together with the newly-consecrated bishop of Mayence, William Emmanuel von Kettler, himself an alumnus of the Jesuit college of Brieg, Dr. Moufang, Dr. Heinrich and other alumni of the Gregorian University and the Collegio Germanico, took a great part in the religious regeneration of the fatherland.

After finishing his classical studies at Mayance he entered the theological seminary of the same city and thus came under the direct influence of Bishop Kettler, who not only provided for his seminarians the best professors, but took personal charge of their spiritual formation by weekly conferences and other means.

Ordained priest at the age of twenty-three, Father Zoeller for one year worked as curate in a parish of his native diocese. A year later, October 1, 1860, he entered the Society of Jesus at Muenster, in the province of Westphalia. After spending a year in the novitiate and reviewing his philosophical and theological studies, during the following years, or until 1871, he was "operarius" in the residences of Aix la Chapelle and Mayence.

In 1870 the Bishop of Limburg offered to the Society a place of pilgrimage called Marienthal, situated in the most picturesque portion of the Rhine valley, near Ruedesheim. Marienthal lies midway between several monasteries famous in medieval history and consecrated by the memory of St. Bernard, St. Hildegard and others. Until 1803 it had been under the care of the Cistercians, but when in 1803 Napoleon I, consented to the spoliation of the Church, inaugurated by the peace of Luneville, these monasieries were suppressed and the property belonging to them passed into the hands of the Protestant government of Hesse. The new owners removed the miraculous image of Our Lady of Marienthal to the parish church of a neighboring village, tore the roof from the church and partially destroyed the building.

But the faithful Catholics of the district never forgot Mariental and the image of Our Lady. Parents taught their children to turn to her in the hour of need, and thus the devotion was kept alive for sixty years in spite of the efforts of the Illuminati government. When the war of 1866 dethroned the heir of the prince who had driven Our Lady from her home, the Bishop of Limburg, to whose diocese Marienthal belonged, experienced no trouble in restoring the church and the little monastery that had sheltered the Cistercians serving at Marienthal, and in 1870 he was able to ask the Society to take up the glorious work done formerly by the sons of St. Bernard.

Superiors were willing to accept the gracious offer, but decided that at least for a time the fathers and brothers residing at Marienthal should be subject to the Superior of of Ours in Mayence. Hence the superior of Marienthal had

only the title of "Minister" and received his directions from the Superior of Mayence, the famous Father Adolph von Doss, the author of the "Thoughts and Counsels for Students."

Father Zoeller was chosen to be the first, and as events showed, also the only, Minister of Marienthal. Three priests and two brothers went with him to do all the work.

As Ours were expelled from Germany in 1872, they could remain in their new home only two years, but their work was most fruitful and consoling. Sermons, confessions, communions, processions succeeded one another without interruption. The faithful continued coming individually, in little groups and in long processions during all the four seasons of the year, and not even the snow of winter, deep enough in the valleys and on the mountains around, could keep them away. Even in spite of pheumonia, cholera, and small pox—the consequences of the Franco-German war—which did not spare the little residence near Our Lady's shrine and carried one of its inmates off, these two years were the happiest in Father Zoeller's life. In his old age, yea, a few days before his death, he still liked to dwell on the recollections of Marienthal, on the piety of the pilgrims who remained fasting till 4. P. M. in order to receive holy communion at Our Lady's altar, the inspiring processions that wended their way up and down the mountains surrounding the church, the melodies that were re-echoed by hill and forest, the devotional stations of the cross placed on the slope of the mountain and leading to the sanctuary, the numerious conversions, etc., etc.

And all this wonderful activity was cut short by the passage of the anti-Jesuit law in June 1872 and the ruthless application of it. For strictly speaking the bill of July 1872 forbade only the exercise of specifically "Jesuitic" activity and prohibited Ours to live together in communities, but it neither exiled the individual Jesuit from German soil, nor did it prevent him from engaging in the ordinary work of clergy in general. Yet the government interpreted all this into the law.

However, neither our superior nor the bishops of Germany were willing to submit to the law without protest, and still less to let that radical interpretation be followed without opposition. Hence they determined to make some test cases, and the most famous among these cases is that of Father Zoeller.

In accordance with the wish of the bishop of Mayence and with the order of superiors he claimed the right of every citizen of the empire to choose his own place of residence, and informed the government that he had decided to reside in his native city and in the house of his father, then living. After a great deal of chicane, however, he received a document couched in terms that either belong to the

style of an absolute bureaucracy or are studiously insulting. It ended with these significant words: "The subject, Michael Zoeller, is, therefore, not permitted to live in Seligenstadt nor in the district in which Seligenstadt belongs."

This aroused a storm of indignation and protests from different sides. Bishop Ketteler believed that, as he had personally vouched for the good character of the priest and given him a position in his diocese, he ought to voice his protest in the most emphatic and solemn manner. He therefore let it be known that on a certain Sunday he would speak about the Jesuit law and its application, from the pulpit of the cathedral. The vast edifice was thronged when he ascended the pulpit. In order not to make a a mistake nor violate any law, he, contrary to his custom, read his sermon instead of speaking it freely, but his words, spoken in a voice throbbing with holy indignation, made a profound impression. In that vigorous protest he not only condemned the Jesuit law in general, but called attention to the injustice done to a Jesuit, whom he himself had ordained, whose family had enjoyed the respect of all who knew them, for whom he himself had vouched, and who certainly had a right to reside in his father's home. This protest he then had printed and circulated far and wide.

However, all these protests did not render Father Zoeller's stay in Germany safe. On the contrary, in consequence of the unjust decision, he had to reckon with the possibility or probability of the government appointing a domicile for him or, in other words, interning him in any—even an entirely Protestant—city and forbidding him to leave it without permission. On the other hand, superiors could not find immediately sufficient housing facilities for hundreds of men suddenly expelled from home and country. Hence, Father Zoeller, like many other priests of the German province, for a time had to live in concealment and in disguise with reliable private families. Later on, when safe in this country, his younger brethren more than once teased him about the gray shooting jacket and the dandyish eyeglasses which he sported on the streets of Frankfort and other fashionable cities.

Finally in the summer of 1873 a place of refuge was found for him in the United States and he went to St. Louis, Mo., to work as operarius at St. Joseph's church. From 1874 to 1879 he was attached to our residence in Toledo, O., and besides the work done by all our operarii, had charge of the schools connected with our church. From 1879 to 1880 he did the same work at St. Ann's, Buffalo, N. Y.

For the feast of St. Ignatius 1880, he was sent to Cleveland, Ohio, to begin the new residence offered to Ours by Bishop Gilmour; to be its first superior, take charge of the parish of St. Mary's, and to make preparations for opening a college. The six years he spent at this task (1880–1886) he

counted among the hardest of his long life. For besides the difficulties connected with the opening of a new house, he had to face a very stubborn opposition on the part of the parishoners, who had been made to believe that the Jesuits had come merely to exploit them and ruin their parish for the benefit of the diocese and the Society, and who were confirmed in their opposition by a former pastor of theirs.

To make matters worse the church was partially destroyed by fire six months after the arrival of the fathers, owing to the carelessness of the plumbers who were making some repairs. The steeple caught fire in the forenoon of February 1, 1881, while a very strong gale was blowing, which not only fanned the flames, but endangered the school building standing close to the church and filled with children. The heavy snowfall of the preceding day had blocked up the exits not reached by the flames and the little ones had to be lifted over mountains of snow to gain a place of safety. The terrors of that day together with the worries connected with the rebuilding of the parts destroyed by the conflagration left a perpetual impression on the superior; his hair, until then jet black, turned snowy white.

To cap the climax, misunderstandings between the bishop and the superior of the entire Buffalo mission arose, in which the superior of the Cleveland residence naturally become the point of attack for both sides.

In 1886 Father Zoeller was again sent to Toledo, in which city he worked for the next twelve years, nine as "operarius" and three (1890–1893) as local superior.

In 1898 he was sent a second time to Cleveland to be the spiritual father of the community and work as operarius as far as his strength and duties towards Ours permitted. He was a favorite confessor in our church and director of various parish sodalities in 1915, but he remained active as spiritual director and confessor in our church until 1918. In the year mentioned last he became so weak that he had to forego even the consolation of celebrating holy Mass. Only once, on Christmas day, he tried to say Mass, assisted by another priest, but the exertion was so great that he never made the attempt again.

Since October 1918 he suffered several slight strokes of paralysis, but he always recovered rapidly and regained his mental powers sufficiently. However, the news of the sudden death of Father Magevney and the excitement it caused him brought about another stroke of paralysis and an attack of pneumonia of which he died eight days later, June 16, 1919.

If, finally, we are to add a few characteristic traits to complete this short sketch of his life, we must mention in the first place a truly paternal kindness, which won him the hearts of all that came in contact with him, and the appelation of the "kind old man." This kindness made him a

much desired confessor, trusted and sought out by priests and religious as well as by the laity. Many a member of the secular clergy, when realizing that his last hour was not far off, desired to be prepared for the awful step into eternity by Father Zoeller. And this request was made not only by such as had been his penitents in life, but by priests who in health had chosen other spiritual directors.

In the second place we ought to mention his great love of study and serious intellectual occupation. Though for more than fifty years he was occupied in the practical work of an operarius, he remained a student until he received the last paralytic stroke eight days before he died. He always had a large and choice selection of books in his room and they were no mere ornaments. This undoubtedly is one reason why he retained his mental vigor even after completing four score of years. Hence also, he never suffered from "ennui" during the numerous and frequently protracted periods during which he was confined to his room by an open leg from which he suffered for more than thirty years—not even during the last ten months of his life, which he had to spend in an armchair.

His favorite studies were sociology, history, and art. In sociology he had become interested through Bishop Ketteler whom Leo XIII did not hesitate to call his teacher and guide and the first Catholic sociologist. Of his interest in historical questions he gave a touching proof even as late as two weeks before his death, when he requested a father to get W. Ward's Life of Cardinal Wiseman for him from the library. In art it was principally architecture and poetry that appealed to him.

Nor did he merely read, but he made memorandums, collected statistics referring to sociology, and copied passages that pleased him particularly well. Even after he was seventy years old, he wrote at least sketches of his sermons and instructions. Thus it came to pass that after his death a very large number of sermons and note books containing statistics were found in his room.

Though Father Zoeller was not inclined to scruples, the last years of his life were clouded by fears of death and judgment. The thought of the almost sixty years he had spent in the priesthood, and of the graces they entailed and the account which the Divine Judge would demand, weighed all the heavier on him the more helpless he became. During the last week of his life, when a new stroke and pneumonia rendered speaking well-nigh impossible, the expression of his face and an occasioual whispered word, often unintelligible to those around him, showed this very plainly. Extreme Unction temporarily brought relief. A little prayer suggested, an act of contrition made and absolution given him always consoled and quieted the good old man. His death, however, was very peaceful. He gently slept as the feast of St. Francis Regis drew to a close.—R. I. P.

Father Alphonse Coppens, S. J.

At St. Joseph's Hospital, Baltimore, Father Alphonse Coppens died, July 2, at eleven P. M.

Born in Alost, Belgium, on September 24, 1843, Father Coppens studied in the Jesuit College of his native town, and later in the seminaries at Antwerp, Ghent and Bruges. He was ordained in Liverpool by Bishop Goss, on October 28, 1866.

At the invitation of Archbishop Spalding, Father Coppens came to Baltimore in 1869 and was stationed at St. Vincent's Church in this city, where he remained for two years.

We read in the life of St. Francis Xavier, that when writing to Europe for missionaries, he asked that Belgians should be selected for the great work of the Indies. The apostolic work that characterized the Belgians of St. Francis Xavier's time was not wanting in Fr. Coppens. It was this spirit that led him to leave his native land to work among the unfortunate prisoners in Liverpool, and later among the poor coal-miners of Wigan. It was the same spirit that now brought him to offer himself to the Provincial of the Society as a missionary to the Indians. Father Keller, the provincial, assured the young priest that he would find ample field for his zeal in the Maryland Province.

On September 18, 1871, Father Coppens entered the novitiate at Frederick, Md. For nearly fifty years he labored as professor, missionary, parish priest, and chaplain in hospitals and prisons. His first mission as a secular priest was among the inmates of the jail and workhouse in Liverpool. His last mission as a Jesuit, the occupation in which death found him, was among the prisoners of the Maryland Penitentiary in Baltimore.

Father Coppens was of a dignified, commanding presence that could not fail to attract the notice of the passer-by. His priestly work, however, was of so unassuming a character that it drew, perhaps, but little attention from the casual observer. Yet in his own characteristic way, he went about doing good, seeking after lost sheep whom no one else seemed able to bring back into the fold, quietly bringing aid to deserving poor, fostering religious vocations.

In what esteem he was held by those who really knew him, may be judged from the many friends who came to his funeral from distant cities to pay their tribute of respect to to his memory.

Father Coppens was always a man of literary habits. The newspaper or light magazine found little favor with him, but he was familiar with the best Spanish, French, Belgian and English literature. As the manuscripts he left behind him testify, he carefully prepared his sermons, and after he had been a priest for fifty years, he wrote out and even memorized spiritual conferencas which he delivered.

His piety was unaffected. With child-like simplicity he would sometimes tell how one might easily perform certain devotions, rich in indulgences. Daily he might be seen in the chapel making the way of the cross. Daily he was before the Blessed Sacrament, rosary in hand going through the fifteen decades, once, twice and even three times. Those who saw only the surface of his character might be surprised to learn that he was exact, almost to the verge of scrupulosity, in following every regulation of his superiors. On his death bed, he could say to a visiting priest that he was not conscious of ever having, during his whole life, offended God mortally.

On October 29, 1916, Father Coppens celebrated the golden jubilee of his priesthood. With his strong, clear, musical voice he sang the Solemn High Mass in our church on that occasion.

He took a pardonable pride in his singing. On Good Friday last, in his seventy-sixth year, he sang the part of "Synagogue" at the services in St. Ignatius', and with a skill that one fifty years his junior might have justly envied.

Some months before his death, Father Coppens was operated on for what appeared to be a malignant growth near the left temple. Later he seemed to suffer a slight paralytic stroke. On June 12th he was taken to the hospital and on the 17th received the Last Sacraments. On the night of July 2, while Rev. Father Rector was at his side, he peacefully breathed forth his soul to God.

Born on the feast of Our Lady of Mercy, he died on the feast of the visitation of Our Blessed Mother.

The office of the dead was recited in our church on July 5. The Mass of requiem was offered by Rev. Father McEneany and Right Rev. Bishop Corrigan gave the absolution. The burial was in the cemetery at Woodstock College, Maryland. R. I. P.—*St. Ignatius Church Journal.*

Reverend Charles Macksey.

Father Macksey was born in Boston, Mass. Nov. 13, 1863. His youthful days were passed amid the surroundings of the north end of that city, a district in those days almost exclusively settled by an immense population of Irish Catholics. And so from early childhood he acquired that intensity of practical faith which characterized the old congregation of St. Mary's. After his training at the parochial school he entered Boston College, where several years were diligently spent in the acquisition of classical knowledge. His tastes led him naturally toward the higher life, and his piety and devotion as a sodalist seemed to have won for him the grace of vocation to the religious state.

When seventeen years old he applied for admission into

the Society, and was admitted to the novitiate at Frederick, Md. on August 5, 1880. After pronouncing his first vows he passed over to the junioriate and there he spent one year in reviewing his classical studies. He was sent afterwards to Woodstock to begin the study of philosophy. For three years he pursued his course and left Woodstock with an excellent reputation as a student. After three years of philosophical training the young scholastic, enthusiastic though self contained, entered on his career as a teacher, thoroughly versed in the theory of pedagogy, and only anxious to submit his school knowledge to the test of actual experience. St. Francis Xavier's, New York, was the first field of his labors. There he taught the class of second academic with great and well-deserved success. He then returned to the juniorate at Frederick as Professor of Poetry, and taught there for two years. The next scholastic year we find him teaching humanities at Holy Cross College, Worcester; and the following year as professor of classics at Boston College.

After his years of regency he returned to Woodstock to to begin theology. He brought to his new studies the same zeal and enthusiasm which characterized his early years of study and his period of teaching. After two years, his studies were interrupted, and superiors sent him to Holy Cross College as professor of rhetoric.

At length in 1895 his life-long wishes were gratified. The goal of long preparation was attained when he was ordained to the sacred priesthood by His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons. After the fourth year of theology he was sent to Boston College, where he remained for two years as Professor of Rhetoric. In 1899 he went to St. Stanislaus' Novitiate, St. Louis, Mo. for the third year of probation. Upon his return from the tertianship he was appointed professor of of special metaphysics at Woodstock, which position he held for two years. He was then assigned to the faculty of theology, and for three years he conducted the evening lectures in dogma.

In 1905 he went to Georgetown University. After teaching logic and metaphysics for one year he was appointed Prefect of Studies, which position he held for four years. After his work at Georgetown he was assigned to the classroom again, and in 1910 we find him as Professor of ethics at St. Francis Xavier's, New York.

Father Macksey's work in the classroom was marked with signal success. He was a true educator and the influence of his agreeable personality, his forceful character, no less than his splendid mental qualifications fitted him in a special manner for the work. Superiors knew this, and they very wisely appointed him to the chair of ethics at the Pontifical Gregorian University, Rome. He accepted the task with his usual willingness to serve the Society, and executed it with his wonted promptness. Accordingly he sailed for Rome in the summer of 1911, and began his lectures at

the Gregorian University in the fall of that year. He held this important position up to the time of his rather sudden death. Between his duties as priest, and professor at the University, and the preparation and delivery of his lectures, which were always listened to with attention, his time must have been fully employed. Yet he found leisure to compose, mainly for the benefit of his pupils the works: De Ethica Naturali Praelectiones Scholasticæ and Argumenta Sociologica Digesta. His ardent love for learning and truth, and his burning zeal for the propagation of the faith brought from his clever pen many interesting contributions to *America* and other Catholic periodicals. His last work was a brilliant essay *Sovereignty and Consent* published by the America press.

Always full of energy as he was, it is not surprising that he found time to give to preaching sermons to English congregations in Rome and to engage in other works of the ministry.

Early in his career he had acquired a knowledge of those cardinal principles which were destined to form a character so remarkable and to govern his entire life. Self-denial, regularity in religious observance and suitable exercise built up a constitution that seemed to have defied the ravages of climate, exposure and time itself. And so the news of his death proved a veritable shock to his many friends.

On June 16, 1919, Father Macksey went to bed feeling unwell, and it was supposed with an ordinary slight attack. But later his temperature rose, and he felt very severe pains from hemorrhoids. His condition grew worse and the doctors declared it was due to ulcerations in the intestines; typhus, too, was suspected. Accordingly he was moved to the infirmary on June 23rd. The next day his condition was grave, but not of immediate peril. Very Rev. Father General sent Brother Del Vecchio, the Curia infirmarian, to the Gregorian University and he remained with Father Macksey till the end. His Paternity visited him twice. For a while some improvement was remarked; a blood test did not confirm the suspicion of typhus. This improvement was only temporary. An external tumor developed, it was opened and revealed diabetic poisoning. His heart working on poisoned blood collapsed alarmingly. His chances for recovery now were very poor. Every care was given him. There were four doctors in consultation. Two infirmarians were near him all the time. A father was at his bedside constantly, and he received Holy Communion every morning, even on the day of his death. Father Hanselman called to see him every day, and sometimes twice a day.

Very Rev. Father General was kept informed of Father Macksey's condition, and he was told of a sentence of Father Macksey's: "I have not made much show of piety, but my life as a Jesuit has been working, working, working." "Those," remarked his Paternity, "are the Jesuits we want;

hard workers who are humble about it;"—and he sent back a special blessing "from all his heart" to Father Macksey. Father Macksey gratefully received the blessing, and when informed of his Paternity's remark said "And what a fine example of work he gives us himself."

When, toward the end, he could not read the letters he received, Father Hanselman read them for him. Father Macksey spoke affectionately of the writers, as he did of his other good friends in the States.

On July the third the last Sacraments were administered. For the last four days of his sickness Father Macksey began to wander in his speech though he would recognize Very Rev. Father Assistant when he called to him and spoke to him.

For a week or more before his death the warning sign of the dread disease that closed his busy life prepared him for the inevitable, and those last few days of intense suffering he bore with quiet patience and resignation. And when the end came he died bravely and holily as becomes a true son of St. Ignatius. The last blood test revealed typhus, and day by day weakness and drowsiness grew. On Friday, July 11, 1919, at 11.30 A. M., while two doctors were dressing the tumor wound, a convulsion suddenly seized him and after a few moments struggle he passed out of this life to his eternal reward. Father Macksey died in the infirmary. The tomb of St. Aloysius is just across the way, only a few feet off, also that of St. John Berchmans. He worked and died in holy company.

The office for the dead was recited in the Gregorian University Chapel at 6.30 A. M., July 13th. Rev. Father Hanselman said the Requiem Mass. At the Mass were present Mgr. O'Hearn, Rector of the American College, Mgr. Mahoney, the Spiritual Director of the American College, also Doctor Markham, the Vice-Rector, and Father McMahon. The presence, too, of representatives from the Irish, English and Scotch Colleges, from the Augustinians, Franciscians and other religious orders and congregations was testimony of his worth, and all voiced regret that Father Macksey was called from earth. At 9.00 o'clock the funeral took place. He now rests in S. Lorenzo cemetery, close to Pius IX. Cardinal Mazzella is buried in the same vault. Thus an Italian Professor of Woodstock (Mazzella) and an American Professor of Woodstock (Macksey) lie together.

No death is untimely when we consider that He, Who orders all things, measures time by the heart beats of His love; but humanly speaking Father Macksey's death is a great loss. There are many students in this country and throughout Europe who love to acknowledge with gratitude the benefits they received from his edifying example and wise counsels. All who knew him remember with affection the human side of the earnest impulsive man, but only because it emphasized the qualities that belonged to the just,

straightforward and humble religious. His sterling qualities as a religious and a professor are well summarized in the annual catalogue of the Gregorian University, 1919–1920:

"Pater Macksey vir fuit praestanti doctrina excultus doctorque egregius, et in eo ratiocinandi vigorem doctrinæque profunditatem admirabantur discipuli. Qui vero illo familiariter uterentur de eloquii facilitate et jucunditate cum virtutibus viro religioso dignis conjuncta, obedientia praesertim et omnimoda probitate delectabantur."

In a letter to Rev. Father Provincial, his Paternity pays a high tribute of praise to Father Macksey.

Tusculi, 5 Augusti, 1919.

Reverende in Christo Pater Provincialis:

P. C.

Morte inopinata sed aedificante P. Carolum Macksey Dominus nobis abstulit. Rae. Vae. ac Provinciae consolationi erit audire carissimum Patrem gratissimam sui memoriam hic Romae reliquisse. Optimus religiosus et verus Societatis filius habebatur, ob indefessum presertim laborem quo ad majorem Dei gloriam muneri sibi ab oboedientia commisso incumbebat et cursus suos diligentissime parabat. Animos sibi conciliabat alumnorum ipsius lectiones in Universitate Gregoriana adeuntium, eosque ad aemulationem provocabat ut iis maximi momenti studiis totos se darent. Amisisse se præstantissimum lectorem omnes dolent; gravem præ ceteris dolorem ferunt alumni et directores Collegii Americani Septentrionalis in quo partes confessarii utilissime gerebat. Inter alios qui nobiscum condolebant Sua Excellentia Mgr. Cerretti ipse ad me venit ut dolorem suum manifestaret.

Luctus nobis vobiscum communis est et aeque gratum nobis ac vobis est agnoscere Patrem Macksey in alma Urbe haud vulgare exemplum boni religiosi et professoris operosi dedisse. Pro hoc virtutum studio, pro hac doctrinæ Catholicæ promulgatione, Deus ipse suo fideli sit merces magna nimis.

Commendo me ss. SS.

R^ae V^ae

Servus in Christo.

W. Ledóchowski, s. j.

Father Joseph M. Neri.

Surrounded by members of the community, Father Joseph M. Neri peacefully expired at 3.15 p. m., Monday, November 17, 1919, at the ripe age of eighty three years and nine months. At his last Mass, Thursday, November 13, the Feast of St. Stanislaus Kostka, he unknowingly administered to himself his Viaticum, for, shortly after he retired to his

room, a stroke of paralysis deprived him of consciousness, which he never recovered. The same morning, the sacrament of Extreme Unction was administered to him and the papal blessing in articulo mortis. On Wednesday morning at 10.45 the funeral Mass was celebrated by the Rev. Rector, Fr. Timothy Murphy, and attended by the community and many devoted friends of the deceased. His mortal remains were laid in Santa Clara cemetery.

After finishing his novitiate at Frederick, Md., Father Neri came to California in 1858. Here he completed his theological studies, which he had interrupted in the seminary of Novara in Italy, his native place, when he joined the Society. He was the first priest ordained in the old Cathedral of San Francisco, December 22, 1861. and, on Christmas day he sang his first Mass in St. Ignatius Church. His occupations in the Society were as varied as they were remarkably successful. Well known for his achievements along scientific lines, as we shall soon state at some length, he was not less esteemed for his priestly qualities and ardent zeal. Having mastered in his younger days the English language, it became for him the instrument for the use of his splendid intellectual gifts. He was a fluent and forceful speaker in the pulpit as well as on the lecture platform. He was moreover a great organizer, and, on this account, eminently successful as a director of our sodalities and as moderator of the student's debating societies. At the advanced age of 75 he became nearly entirely blind, and both Ours and outsiders were greatly edified at witnessing the cheerful resignation and patience with which he bore that affliction for seven long years. But even then his zeal for souls remained unaltered and both by private instructions in the parlor and by assiduity in the confessional he continued to labor in the Lord's vineyard as in his better days. Though authorized to say the Votive Mass of the Blessed Virgin, and pro Defunctis, he followed the Ordo, as, on the days of his approaching blindness, he succeeded, through his indomitable courage and retentive memory, in learning by heart the Masses of the principal feasts of the liturgical year. In the early days of his ministry, many applications reached him from the clergy and laity for sermons and lectures, and as far as his college engagements permitted, he willingly complied with the urgent requests, a fact which greatly enhanced his renown as an orator and scientist of no mean repute. Though, as noticed above, Father Neri achieved considerable success in the several occupations of the sacred ministry, yet he particularly excelled in his career of professor and lecturer in the several branches of natural science, especially in the vast and interesting field of physics and chemistry, and in his original researches in the study of electricity and its industrial applications. Much has been said and written of pioneer days of the electrical industry, of the discoveries made and the inventions

perfected, that gradually brought electricity to its present state of perfection. But it is perhaps not generally known that, as far back as half a century ago, in St. Ignatius College, San Francisco, a Jesuit priest was quietly and unceasingly studying that unseen force, and even in those early days, had found some wonderful uses, to which it could be put. In 1869 he had perfected an electrical lighting system, for exhibition and lecture purposes, in which he used carbon electric lights. In pursuing his investigation Father Neri first used large batteries, then magneto-machines and finally dynamos. He had the first brush machine, the first storage battery in California. An interesting record is preserved in the program of exercises at the twentieth annual commencement of St. Ignatius College, when his students of the graduating class gave an illustrated lecture on the electric light. It included two distinct parts, namely, the Luminous Phenomena of Electricity, and the Application of Electrical Phenomena to Practical Illumination. As an echo of the centennial, international exhibition held in Philadelphia in 1876, Father Neri contributed in a marked degree, to the brilliant commemoration of that great event in San Francisco by an eletrical display of his own invention intended to illuminate the night parade. Wires were hung from the roof of St. Ignatius College, across the largest thoroughfare, Market Street, and three arc lights were suspended. They threw a stream of soft, mellow light all along the line of march of the militery and civic procession down to the ferry at the bay, a feature that contributed to the patriotic enthusiasm of the assembled multitude, cheered, on the eventful occasion, by numerous bands. Several years before his death, Father Neri, whose eyesight had always been somewhat defective, became almost entirely blind, the result of protracted work with the spectroscope. He did much for the advancement of electrical science, and it is sad to think that he could not see with his own eyes the great strides made in the subject he loved so well, and how far-reaching, beyond even his expectations, that development has been, to which his learning and experimental skill gave such a potent impulse. His superiors did not fail to appreciate Father Neri's efforts. and, to add encouragement to his studies, at considerable sacrifice, they secured a scientific apparatus so complete that, at the rating of the Smithsonian commission, it was surpassed by only four other like collections in the United States. The public exhibitions of electrical illumination, which such a well-furnished physical cabinet enabled him to give, proved of great value educationally to the municipal authorities of San Francisco, which, shortly after, installed in the city an electrical system of illumination then regarded as the largest in the world.

Through his ingenuity was seen at Mechanic's Fair the first electrically propelled train operated west of the Mississippi. Nay, it is not impropable that this experimental lili-

putian train was the first of its kind seen in this country. Power was supplied to the motors, geared to the trucks, through the rails as conductors. This ingenius arrangment made the operation of the train not only novel but decidedly mysterious. What the state owes to this enterprising experimentalist for popularizing scientific knowledge cannot well be determined, but what California has gained by his efforts to promote mining industries and their development in the early days of gold discovery will never be known. At a time when prospectors had to depend upon not always concientious assayers for direction in their investments, this laborious scientist made numerous analyses at Santa Clara College for the benefit of the mining men. In consequence many claims were developed in the face of difficulties and hundreds of fortunate prospectors were prevented from selling their claims to schemers for little or nothing. That the appreciation or Father Neri's lectures was shared also by eminent scientists then living in our state, is shown by the the following incident. In the year 1872 the officers of the Mechanics Institute, a society devoted to the culivation of natural science in its industrial applications, and members of the faculty of the University of California organized a course of popular scientific lectures, to be delivered by the distinguished professors at stated times in the western metropolis. Father Neri was officially requested to take part in what was then called the Polytechnic series by delivering a lecture on some subject of physical science. The courteous invitation was gratefully accepted, and the second lecture on the program was assigned to Father Neri, who chose for his subject the Wonders of the Atmosphere. One of the daily papers thus spoke of it: "The large audience present enjoyed one of the most delightful and instructive entertainments ever afforded in the city." At the end of the lecture Professor Gilman, then President of the University of California, stepped on the stage, shook hands with Father Neri and his four students, who acted as his assistants, and then in his brief address to the audience, highly complemented the lecturer, and congratulated the people of San Francisco for possessing in their midst such a creditable institution as St. Ignatius College and its staff of professors, among whom, he said, the present lecturer figures most conspicuously. The publicity of this success enhanced the prestige of St Ignatius College. Father Neri was an enthusiast in the love and culture of the natural sciences, and though always in delicate health, was able to work long and laboriously day by day, ever keeping pace with the newest discoveries of the hour through the constant perusal of scientific journals of both the old and the new world. The writer of these lines, who was Father Neri's assistant in the Chemistry and Physics classes, can bear witness to the fact that no important discovery in natural science of those days escaped

his knowledge, and he utilized it in the preparation of his class lectures, thus literally rendering them up-to-date.

With a view to perpetuate and increase the advantages of natural science, Father Neri founded the Loyola Scientific Academy for post-graduate alumni. Its object was the cultivation of natural science in its various branches of applied physics, chemistry, geology and mineralogy. Essays on scientific subjects were read and analyzed, scientific problems discussed, questions proposed and answered to the great benefit of the members, whose scientific horizon was thus broadened, and whose zeal for study was quickened into vigorous life by the presentation in their meetings of what was newest in the realm of scientific research.

Father Neri's one thought was to popularize and spread the discoveries of science immune from the pernicious errors, with which infidel scientists sought to corrupt them. He thought, and well, that that was an excellent form and valuable instrument of missionary work, since it removed prejudice from the minds of non-Catholics, helped to strengthen the faith of ill-instructed Catholics, and made good Catholics more proud of the Old Church of the Ages by demonstrating practically that there was not a true advance in science, that She did not bless: that there was not, and there could not be any conflict between genuine science and true religion. At a period when the Huxleys, the Tyndals, the Drapers and other so-called scientists had entered into a conspiracy to break down the bulwark of historical Christianity, that is Catholicism, by assailing it in the name of scientific progress, it is to the honor of Father Neri that he stood forth fearlessly as the champion of scientific truth in California, with due credit to himself, and to the Church and the religious Order, which he so worthily represented. R. I. P.

Father James B. Becker

Father James B. Becker, during the night of December 17, 1919, was silently borne from slumber to immortal life.

The peace of death was a fitting end to such a life as Father Becker's. He was the epitome of serenity. No oddities of habit interrupted the orderly scheme of his life; no personal mannerisms marred the genialty of his disposition. There was nothing spectacular in his character, and nothing extraordinary in his deeds unless, indeed, the conscientious and capable performance of his duties.

It is fitting that it should be at Georgetown that his long and faithful life should come to a close, for it was in Washington that Father Becker was born on the 17th of October, 1848. All of his boyhood was passed in that city and his parents were likewise life-long residents of the vicinity.

It is remembered that during the civil war Father Becker

then only a boy, was in constant attendance upon Father Wiget, pastor of St. Aloysius, in his many activities during those trying days, even nursing the wounded in the hospital which, in lieu of the Church itself, the parishioners of St. Aloysius presented to the Government. A Sister of Mercy, herself ninety years of age, writes: "I first recall Father Becker as a mere boy, some time before leaving for the Novitiate, but even then he seemed marked for the higher life. His was a sunny disposition. The heart of a child was concealed in the breast of the man."

At this period of his life Father Becker attended school at the Washington Seminary, then a part of St. Patrick's parish, but later, as Gonzaga College, removed to St. Aloysius'. Immediately after the civil war, at the age of seventeen, Father Becker entered the Society of Jesus. Since then over half a century has passed but each succeeding year has found him happy in his vocation of service. Just as unbounded was his zeal and tireless his devotion in 1915, when his Golden Jubilee was celebrated.

Father Becker was a pioneer at Woodstock, being a member of the first class which completed its entire course there. He taught in the various colleges of the Maryland-New York Province, but it is in connection with St. Francis Xavier's and Georgetown that his name will always be remembered.

At the former college, in addition to his teaching duties, he instructed the blind and accomplished remarkable results among the deaf mutes of New York, tending their spiritual needs and preaching to them in the sign language. He was Dean of Georgetown in 1882-1883 and returned to the University as a teacher in 1894 and 1895. In 1896 he was changed to St. Louis University as Dean of the School of Mathematics—always his specialty—remaining there a year. In 1899 he again returned to the banks of the Potomac.

From that time, twenty years ago, to his death in December, Father Becker has rarely left Georgetwn. For eighteen years he had been Treasurer of the University, preserving to the last the exact but kindly nature which maintained for him the respect and affection of young and old alike. He was a founder of the Georgetown Hospital, and was its chaplain even to the day of his death.

His body rests with those of many of his brethren in the College Cemetery. R. I. P.

VARIA

BALTIMORE. *The Brother McGrogan Memorial.*—The appeal issued by the ladies of the Threadneedle Club for a memorial to our late Sacristan, Brother McGrogan, has met with a generous response. The memorial is to take the form of a scholarship for the altar boys, which will bear his name. $2,000 is needed to found the scholarship. Three-fifths of this amount was contributed within three weeks.

The Great Novena.—The Novena of Grace may be said to be characteristic of Baltimore. For while the novena is made in many cities throughout the country and is very well attended, yet in no other city, as far as we know, is it made in so many churches and so often on each of the nine days. This year twenty churches held the novena exercises; there were nine services daily in our own church, four daily in four churches, three daily in three churches, two daily in six churches and one daily in six churches, a total of fifty-two services on each of the nine days of the novena. The attendance at St. Ignatius' was greater than in any former year. At the 8 P. M. service on the last day, the church and chapel of grace were crowded from sanctuary and sacristry to the sidewalk. The congregations at all the Masses on that day, a week-day, were much larger than those attending the regular Sunday Masses, while practically the entire congregation received Holy Communion. 6,361 confessions were heard, a larger number than at any former novena.

The favors granted the devout clients cannot be counted. Very many of them were spiritual favors, the conversion of one, the return of another to the practice of his religion. So many of these favors were reported that we may easily see why this novena is called the "Novena of Grace."

BOSTON. THE COLLEGE. *Cardinal Mercier's Visit.*—On October 6, 1919, Boston College was signally honored by having as Guest of Honor Cardinal Mercier, the hero Prelate of the Belgians. He was attended to the college by His Eminence, Cardinal O'Connell, whose guest he had been during his stay in Boston. The reception accorded this distinguished priest and patriot was as impressive, as it was, from another standpoint, cordial. He made his way to the stage becomingly decorated with national emblems, through two lanes of senior classmen in cap and gown, amid an applause that was thunderous. After the entire student body had sung the Belgian national anthem, R. S. McShane, of the graduating class, welcomed him in the name of the under graduates. Rev. Father Devlin, President of the college, then addressed the Cardinal in the name of the Faculty. In a short address, Cardinal O'Connell manifested the great

love and interest he has for Boston College. Cardinal Mercier answered briefly. He was profound in his expressions of happiness in having the opportunity of being in our midst. He thanked all present for their efforts during the war, in helping Belgium. He concluded by blessing all. Gifts of five hundred dollars from Mr. J. J. Johnson, one of our neighbors, one hundred dollars from Mr. J. McNamara, of College Road, and one hundred dollars from the students, were presented to Cardinal Mercier by the Rev. President for the work of reconstruction in Belgium.

The New Science Building.—With the architects already at work with the plans for the new Science Building, and the first grand meeting of the "Fund Workers" a thing of the past, we can now look to see results. Mr. McGuiness, the architect who planned the present two buildings, will be engaged again for the work on the new building on a par with those already erected. More than this the most critical could not demand.

A recent meeting and dinner at the Heights brought together representatives from every class graduated from Boston College and all presidents of the B. C. Clubs. Mr. Nugent gave a brief exposition of the situation and introduced our Reverend President, who outlined his plans and made an appeal to the men to institute a vigorous movement for the accumulation of the necessary funds for the erection of the new building.

Practical suggestions were offered by many men in the open discussion that followed, and teams were formed under the leadership of eager volunteers.

CANADA. *Findings of the Guelph Novitiate Inquiry*.—A complete report of the Royal Commission in the Guelph novitiate inquiry is published by the Canadian *New Freeman*. The document is a noted exonoration af the Jesuit institution, which had been accused by "a coterie of professional politicians and notoriety-seeking clergymen" of preventing young men of military age from being placed in military service. Readers of *America* will still remember the shameful raid upon the Jesuit novitiate connected with these charges. Of the latter the report says:

"There was no foundation whatever for the charge freely made in the letters and documents appearing in the file, that young men were being harbored by this institution so as to enable them to evade military service. At the time of the admission of each member to the Order, his case was carefully investigated by the rector, and, in no case, where admission followed, was there found to be any improper motive."

The report adds that "each case was thoroughly investigated and it was found that no one, claimed as a member of the Order, was liable for service." Of the statements widely published by the Rev. Kennedy H. Palmer, a Protestant

clergyman, the report succinctly says: "It was shown that these statements were absolutely unwarranted by the facts." So much for the truthfulness of Mr. Palmer. The discrimination which it was claimed had been shown in favor of the Jesuit novitiate was found to have consisted solely in the circumstance that it was the only theological institution subjected to the indignity of a raid by a band of ruffians. After making its summary of these events, the Toronto *Saturday Night* thus expresses itself editorially:

"Now let us reckon for a moment what the desire of two or three professional Protestants to advertise themselves has cost the country. It has wasted a good many thousand dollars at a time when the need of economy is imperative; but this is a small consideration in comparison with the ill-feeling that has been generated by the whole affair. The ordinary religionist who is always looking for a place in the limelight through agitation, is at all times a menace to public order and neighborly feeling; but the professional Protestant is probably the worst enemy of our civilization. He has been properly put where he belongs by Mr. Justice Middleton, and it is to be hoped that he and others like him will profit by the lesson."

This indeed may be hoping over-much. But sufficient for the time is the fact that Catholics are fully vindicated and that those who forced the Government to undertake this inquiry are "hoisted with their own petard."

ENGLAND. *The "Amende Honorable" on "The End Justifies the Means."*—The following letter from General Maurice appeared in the London *Daily News:*

Sir,—In your issue of August 30, 1919 you published a review of mine of Ludendorff's "Reminiscences of the Great War," in which occured the following passage:

' Long before the elder Moltke created the German general staff, another great militarist had founded a great and powerful society. Loyola taught his followers that the end justifies the means, and Ludendorff and his colleagues in other times and for other purposes adopted the principle of the Jesuits."

I wrote this passage with my mind upon Ludendorff rather than upon the Jesuits, and I did not verify my references, as I should have done. I have now investigated to the best of my ability the long controversy which has raged between the Jesuits and their opponents on this question, and I have been unable to find that there is any evidence that Loyola taught his followers that the end justifies the means.

I therefore desire to withdraw that statement and to apologize for having made it.—F. Maurice.

Death of Great Catholic Assyriologist, Father Strassmaier—The death in London of Father John Nepomucene Strassmaier, S. J., marks the passing of one of the world's most

noted Assyriologists. He was born in Bavaria, May 15, 1846, and entered the German Province of the Society of Jesus in 1865. He was called into the ambulance service during the Franco-Prussian war, and like his fellow-religious, was rewarded by expulsion in Bismark's "Kulturkampf." Thus he found his way to England where he became famous for his Assyriological studies. The London *Tablet* in its detailed obituary notice says of his early work:

"He applied with diligence to the reading, transcription, codifying and elucidation of numerous cuneiform tablets and inscriptions treasured in the British Museum. With rare skill and deftness of hand he not only lithographed the wedge-shaped marks of which these inscriptions consist, but was singularly felicitious in breaking up the close agglomerations of arrow heads into words, names and dates. These transcriptions he eventually published, with translations, in a series of "Texte," "Wörterverzeichnisse," "Inschriften," etc., from 1882 to 1900. Of a later date were his reports on some remarkable tablets, bought at a high price by the Berlin Academy, which paid him the compliment of sending them over for his study; some of the most costly of these Father Strassmaier pronounced not genuine. His discoveries were highly appreciated by orientalists, and on one occasion a congress of them rose to their feet to welcome him as he entered the hall where he was to lecture."

Of particular interest was a work undertaken by him in collaboration with Father Joseph Epping, S. J., the famous astronomer, to verify the prevailing conjectures as to the astronomical knowledge possessed by the Babylonians. His fellow-religious was won to attempt the laborous task of testing by mathematical calculation the Babylonian Calendar-Tablets and Observation-Lists. After eight years the result of their combined studies was published in the work, "Babylonian Astronomy, or the Chaldeans' Knowledge of the Starry Skies." Discussing this work the *Liverpool Catholic Times* adds:

"Father Strassmaier had almost a passion for new or strange languages. Nothing interested him more than a Chinese newspaper, or a Persian inscription, or a new Testament from S. P. G, in some freshly discovered Indian dialect. An affable, good-natured scholar and divine, he was a favorite everywhere, with the Assyriologists of the British Museum, and among all comers to Farm-street Church."

In his priestly function we are told of him that his confessional was one of the most frequented, and numbers of priests and laymen came to him for confession in the Fathers' residence. Science and asceticism were happily blended in in this great Catholic scholar.—*America.*

English S. J. Chaplains Who Gave Up their Lives in the War.—English S. J. Chaplains killed in the war or died of

sickness whilst on military service: Fathers W. Doyle, R. Monteith, P. Carey, C. McGinity, Walter Montagu.

Justice Darling and Jesuit Morality.—*The Times* publishes a copy of correspondence which has passed between the Catholic Union of Great Britian and Mr. Justice Darling with reference to a remark made by the latter during the hearing of a case which recently came before him.

Mr. J. S. Franey, acting Secretary of the Catholic Union, wrote from the office of the Union, 15 Old-square, Lincoln's Inn, W. C. 2, on January 29:

I am desired by the president of the Catholic Union of Great Britain (Admiral of the Fleet Lord Walter Kerr) to to ask your Lordship whether the report in *The Times* of the 28th January, of a case of *Smith* v. *Taylor and Ansell*, correctly represents words spoken by you to a witness who had just admitted a conviction for perjury and whom you described in your judgment as having played an unworthy trick.

The report is as follows:—

"Mr. Justice Darling.—Are you a Jesuit?"

"The plaintiff.—No, my Lord."

"Mr. Justice Darling.—You surprise me."

If the report correctly represents what was said, Lord Water Kerr, on behalf of the Catholic Union, would desire respectfully but firmly to protest against the offer from the Bench of a gratuitous insult to the devoted and learned Society of Jesus.

THE JUDGE'S REPLY.

Mr. Justice Darling, writing from the Judges' Lodgings, Exeter, on February 2, replied:

"The words you quote from *The Times* report of *Smith* v. *Ryland* are given correctly, but they had no relation whatever to plaintiff's admission to counsel that he had long ago been convicted of perjury concerning the quality of milk. Crime is undenominational. My question related entirely to the conduct of the witness dealing with the property in dispute in the case I was trying. This I characterized as "an unworthy trick," and plaintiff's attempt to excuse or justify this behavior, in a letter to his own disapproving solicitor, appeared to me an instance of that kind of disingenuousness to which the term Jesuitical is commonly applied. When a man is described as 'a regular Jesuit,' his moral attitute—not his status—is meant. And so my question was addressed to that—for I desired to ascertain if the witness were a disciple, not to suggest that he might be an enrolled member of Loyola's distinguished order.—*Cucullus non facit Monachum.*

Mr. Franey replied on February 7:

"I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your Lordship's letter of February 2, and to express the regret of the Presi-

dent of the Catholic Union of Great Britain at learning that the words spoken by you in the case referred to were as reported in *The Times* of January 28 last.

Lord Walter Kerr does not desire to follow your lordship into a discussion of the baseless calumnies of the detractors of the Society of Jesus, whether of the 17th century or of a later age. They have been refuted times without number, and in many instances their authors have withdrawn these libels after honest inquiry. But Lord Walter Kerr desires me to say that if it is useful for a Judge of the High Court, sitting in his official capacity, to make reference from the Bench to the teachings of the Society, in common justice he may be expected to base his remarks on an impartial study of the teachings of the Society and not upon the threadbare misrepresentations of those who have defamed it.

FRANCE. *French Provinces and the War.* French Jesuits engaged in the war up to armistice day: 841 were mobilized. Of these, 98 were officers: 2 Commanders, 1 Lieutenant-Commander, 11 Captains, 4 Naval Lieutentants, 24 Lieutenants, 50 Second Lieutenants, 1 Naval Ensign, 5 officers in the service of the sick and wounded. *Honors:* 39 received the Legion of Honor, 26 the Military Medal, 303 the Croix de Guerre, 4 the Medaille des Epidémies, 3 the Medal of Morocco or Tunis, 3 gained English decorations, 11 gained other foreign decorations, 519 were mentioned in Despatches, 164 were killed. These latter include 23 chaplains, 29 officers, 36 sub-officers, 16 corporals, 50 privates.

GEORGETOWN UNIVERSITY.—*Foreign Service School.*—On Tuesday evening, November 25, 1919, the School of Foreign Service was formally recognized as a Department of the University. The Academic ceremony of petition and acceptance was impressive. Rev. Edmund A. Walsh, S. J., Regent of the School of Foreign Service, after disclosing many intimate facts pertinent to the foundation of the school, its status, curriculum and faculty, petitioned the Regents to admit the new school as an integral and equal part of the University. Rev. John B. Creeden, S. J., President of the University, after expressing pleasure and satisfaction for the organization and the work of the new school, called upon the heads of the other departments: W. Coleman Nevils, S. J., Dean of the School of Arts and Sciences, Thomas I. Gasson, S. J., Dean of the Graduate School, George M. Kober, M. D., LL. D., Dean of the School of Medicine, George E. Hamilton, LL. D., Dean of the School of Law, and Bruce L. Taylor, D. D. S., Dean of the School of Dentistry. Each added a constructive thought regarding the great scope of training in Foreign Service and formally welcomed the new department. The Reverend Father Rector thereupon formally accepted the School of Foreign Service and tendered its charter to Father Walsh.

Among the notable and distinguished speakers were the

Hon. Adolph C. Miller, member of the Federal Reserve Board, Edwin F. Sweet, acting Secretary of Commerce, and the Hon. William Phillips, Assistant Secretary of State.

GERMANY. *Help for Our German Brethren.*—We clip the the following letter from *America* for April 10.

To the Editor of *America:*

As Professor of Theology at the University of Innsbruck, I have, since 1908, come into close contact with many Americans, and I know that full confidence can be placed in their generosity. I therefore venture to draw attention to a great need, I mean the present critical condition of the German Jesuits. The Catholics in the United States probably do not realize the difficulties of the German Jesuit province as the result of the war. All its members of German nationality were expelled from their flourishing Indian missions. Many of them went to Holland, the refuge of the German Jesuits since 1872, overcrowding the houses. The income of these houses is exclusively drawn from German sources, as the fathers are not allowed to work in Holland in behalf of souls. Their expenses on the other hand, must be paid in Dutch money. In consequence of the depreciation of the German currency it is impossible to support the novices and clerical students for any length of time. Instead of four marks, as before the war, the daily expense for each is forty-five marks. The funds are being rapidly exhausted.

The revolution has removed many of the obstacles put in the way of the work of the Fathers in Germany by the former Government, and new residences may now be established, but the present monetary condition has brought with it other insurmountable difficulties. The prices of houses and other property have risen incredibly, and the rapidly sinking funds of the province preclude the possibility of purchasing or building new residences. Though the good Catholic people joyfully welcome the returning Fathers, they are too impoverished through the war and revolution to provide them with the necessary means. In this desperate state of affairs the German Jesuits turn for help to the Catholics of the United States. Since their expulsion from Germany in 1872, they have been sending a great number of men to America, and the United States is much indebted to their apostolic labors.

It would be easy for the American Priests and Faithful to help in their turn Catholic Germany by lending some financial assistance to the German Jesuits on their return after their exile of forty-four years. God would bless them for it, and the German Fathers, as well as the poor German Catholics, would never cease to thank their American brethren. Let me give you one particular instance to throw some light on the present calamitous situation. Before the war the Fathers started building a house of retreats in Berlin. It has not been completed as the work is now six times more

costly. The heavy debts on the unfinished building cannot be paid off. During the next few weeks or months it will be decided whether the enterprise will end in ruin. And yet, just now we require Catholic men of character to withstand the forces of infidelity, and the establishment of such a house in the chief city of Germany is of vital importance.

Financial aid given to the German Jesuits is, therefore, under the present circumstances an eminent Catholic work. I wish to recommend their case earnestly to the generosity of the American Catholics. Much help might be given by contributing even small sums, by granting loans without interest, and by sending Mass stipends. Gifts should be sent to the Rev. Thomas Brühl, Exaten bei Baexem, Holland. Bonn. H. BRUDERS, S. J.

INDIA. BENGAL. *Success of Our Missions in Chota-Nagpur.—Les Nouvelles Religieuses*, Paris, recently gave some interesting items on the success of Jesuit Missions in the Chota-Nagpur district of India. Twenty-five years ago there was not a Catholic in the Chota-Nagpur, where today are found 178,202 native Catholics, converts to the faith through the boundless energy of Belgian Jesuits. The natives look upon the missionaries as their protectors and friends. Against injustice and usury the missionary is ever ready to aid the down-throdden. Not only has education been looked after, but rural banks have been established, co-operative societies and other up-to-date social work introduced. There are 222 Belgium Jesuits in the Bengal mission.

CEYLON. The Papal Seminary at Kandy was founded by His Holiness Leo XIII in 1893 for the training of secular clergy for all India and Ceylon. The Seminary is conducted by our Fathers of the Belgian Province. Since its foundation it has sent out almost two hundred priests, nearly all, children of the soil, to labor among their brethern.

BOMBAY. *Father Alban Goodier, S. J. Consecrated Archbishop.* — The Right Rev. Alban Goodier, S. J., was consecrated Archbishop of Bombay, by Cardinal Bourne, assisted by Bishops Mostyn and Galton, in Westminster Cathedral on December 22, 1919. A few details of his career are here briefly noted. He was born at Preston, April 14, 1869, and is therefore now fifty years of age. Educated at Stonyhurst, he entered the Society of Jesus in 1887, and in the course of his studies, graduated at the London University. After ordination his chief occupation was the training of the scholastics of the Society at Manresa House, besides which he devoted himself to literary work and produced several thoughtful works of devotion, planned and partly carried out that excellent enterprise called "The Catholic Library," which had reached its eighteenth volume when the work had to be stopped on account of the incidence of the war. Father Goodier, shortly

after the war began, was sent out to India to help St. Xavier's College in an emergency, when the German members of the mission were threatened with internment. He arrived in Bombay, November 13, 1914, taught English literature in the college for a time, and then became principal, and finally rector as well as principal (November, 1916). He carried on the administration of the college with remarkable efficiency and enterprise, and was assiduous in other works, such as giving public lectures in the College Hall on historical and religious subjects and preaching regular courses of Sunday evening sermons at the Holy Name Church, being the editor of *The Messenger*. During his period as Rector he became a member of the Bombay University Syndicate, where his educational experience was much appreciated. In the spring of 1919 he went to Europe on business connected with the Bombay Mission. During this time he was called to Rome, and informed of his projected appointment as Archbishop of Bombay.

The Golden Jubilee of St. Xavier's College.—"That famous sanctuary of St. Ignatius of Loyola," says *The Capital*, "St. Xavier's College, has just celebrated with great pomp and circumstance its golden jubilee. Sir George Lloyd, Governor of Bombay, attended a conversazione on Wednesday and said some nice things about the Jesuits, which, I am now afraid, will get him into trouble with the ultra-patriotic and ultra-bigoted of his countrymen. I will quote just one passage: 'We in England owe a great deal to the principles of the Jesuit Fathers' teaching. Much of their discipline and system has been handed down to our great public schools and those of us who have had the good fortune, as I have, to be educated either at Eton, Winchester, or Westminster, may say that our system of public school instruction was definitely and actually founded by the detailed instructions laid down by the Jesuits. The Jesuit system of education is famous chiefly, I think, for breadth of vision. But what they have given us in the public school system and introduced into India is, I believe, entirely for the good of India. We need to see our system of education framed here, not to turn out the finest article in education, but to turn out the best average man capable of taking a lead, capable of commanding men, capable of quick perception, of being a master of trade as well as a pioneer of art and thought. That is what has been recognized throughout in the Jesuit Fathers' education. History shows that the wisest leaders, at all critical times of their country's history, have laid the greatest stress upon turning out men of this character.'

The ghost of Carlyle must have fled shrieking through hades when it listened to that courageous and well-merited tribute.

St. Xavier's College is now staffed by British, Allied, and Neutral Jesuits, but its great tradition, which Sir George

Lloyd extolled, was established by German Jesuits, who were obliged to leave the Fatherland owing to Bismark's May Laws. The first Rector, Father Depelchin, was a Belgian lent to Bombay by the Calcutta Missions, but up to the outbreak of the war his successors were Germans, one of the most famous, Father Dreckmann, being every inch a Prussian like your famous Hoffmann. They all did magnificant work in the cause of education, and in spite of the war, their memory is very dear to their countless scholars in this city."—*Capital*, Calcutta.

DARJEELING. *St. Joseph's College, North Point.*—Rev. Father J. DeGheldere, has succeeded Father J. Fallon, as Rector.

Rector's Report, 1919.—The college closes with 255 boarders on the roll, besides 15 day-scholars.

Last December the whole Senior Cambridge Class went up for the examinations and did uncommonly well. Of the six Senior Secondary Scholarships of Rs. twenty a month, awarded by the Education Department on the results of the Cambridge Senior Examinations, two fell to St. Joseph's.

In July we sent up our two first candidates for the Higher School Certificates, and this being a new examination, our anticipations of good results were not without some anxiety. But a few days ago, the welcome news reached us that both had passed in group II as well as in their subsidiary subjects.

MANGALORE. *St. Aloysius College.*— From the annual report for 1918–1919 we learn that the total number of students on the rolls at the close of the academic year was 1,501, showing an increase of 43 over the corresponding figure of a twelvemonth ago. This total was made up of 220 in the College Department, 289 in the High School, 466 in the Lower Secondary and 526 in the Primary Department. The average attendance was 1366.4 against 1392.3 of the previous year. The decline will not appear to be considerable when it is remembered that the year war notable throughout for the visitation of more than one epidemic.

Public Examinations. For the Secondary School Leaving Certificate Examination we presented seventy candidates of whom 26 were declared eligible for admission to Univerity Courses of studies. The revised list gave us five more, so that we had 31 passes in a year that proved generally disastrous. Our school averages were in most cases above the Presidency averages.

IRELAND. *Irish Province War Honors.* — The Jesuit Fathers of the Irish Province have supplied 28 military chaplains to the Irish regiments. Of this number five have been killed in the execution of their duties or died of sickness contracted whilst on military service. The Military Cross has been awarded to Father M. Ingram, S. J., and the following members of the Society have been mentioned in

Despatches for devotion to duty: Fathers G. Corr, H. McGibity (deceased), P. O'Mara, B. Page and J. Parsons.

JAMAICA. *New Superior of Missions.*—Rev. Francis X. Delany, S. J., graduate of Georgetown University, class of '97, has been appointed Superior of our Jesuit Missions, in Jamaica, West Indies.

JAPAN. *Father McNeal on Tour for Tokyo University.*—A cross-country tour for $1,000,000 as an endowment fund for the Catholic University of Tokyo is the new missionary enterprise just launched by Father Mark J. McNeal. Among the three private universities which the Japanese Government itself considers worth preserving is the Catholic University, the other two being pagan institutions. But a foundation of 500,000, yen, or $250,000, is now required by a recently enacted law for the proper equipment and maintenance of each educational department in a private school. Hence the imperative need of raising this fund. It is fifteen years ago since the present Cardinal Archbishop of Boston visited Japan as an emissary of Pope Pius X and reported upon the need of a Catholic university to maintain the prestige of the Catholic cause in Japan. This, in fact, means the prestige of the Catholic cause throughout the Orient, since Japan, as Father McNeal points out, has now become the strategic center of the East. The *Catholic Northwest Progress*, of Seattle, Wash., where the beginning of the new campaign was made, thus speaks of the present influence of the Jesuit professors in Japan :

"Gradually the Jesuits have overcome the ancient prejudice. Before the Jesuits were admitted, a special cabinet was called to pass upon the question of their entrance. Now the Japanese Government is glad to get the services of Jesuit professors in its Imperial University and Military School. Three professors from the Catholic University of Tokyo have lectured on literature and foreign languages in the Imperial University, the Imperial High School and the Military School. Father McNeal has filled the chair of European literature in the Imperial University for a year and a half."

The government Director of Private Schools, who at first was violently opposed to the admission of Jesuits into Japan, is now sending his own son to the Catholic University of Tokyo conducted by them.

MISSOURI PROVINCE. *Cincinnati. New Department of Law.*—The new department of law began its courses on the 18th of September. Thirty-eight students are in attendance. The enrollment is a far larger one than the most enthusiastic promoter had hoped to be able to muster, as only one class is being conducted. Already many applications have come in for the second year. Early in February, 1919, after several meetings of the alumni, it was decided to open a school of law. Mr. Edward P. Mouliner, an alumnus of St. Xavier, was chosen Dean of the new school. It was

owing largely to the devoted and untiring work of Mr. Mouliner and Mr. Elmer Conway, the Secretary, that the school was organized and started without a hitch of any kind.

New Buildings at Saint Xavier College.—With the opening of classes in September, 1919, the College Department was moved to Avondale. It is at present conducted in the Avondale Athletic Club Building, which has in the past been used for high school work. The High School was brought from Avondale and combined with the classes on Sycamore street. This complete separation of college and high school classes will, it is believed, have a good effect on both departments. The attendance in the High School is 489. This is larger than any student register in the past. Some thought that old St. Xavier had more students in former years, but the largest record that could be found, 1891–92, when the commercial, preparatory, academic, and college classes were all conducted at Sycamore street, was forty less than the High School is at present.

Last July ground was broken for the new Science Alumni Hall at Avondale. Some $60,000.00 had been raised by the Alumni under Father Heiermann. The Alumni, after several meetings and discussions, decided to bring the amount up to $85,000.00 and start the erection of a new Science Hall. We hope to occupy this building some time in spring. Father Francis Finn, who is State Chaplain of the Knights of Columbus, has inaugurated a drive among the Ohio Knights for a fund of $20,000.00 to equip the new Science Hall.

Owing to the generous donation of Mrs. Frederick Hinkle of $100,000.00 the Hinkle Faculty building was started in July.

CLEVELAND. *College Department Meeting.*—A new section of the College Department of the Catholic Eductional Association was organized in Cleveland on April 6th. Its purpose is to revive the study of Latin and Greek in our Catholic schools and colleges. Sixty educators from the East and the West attended; Father Fox presided. The Jesuits had the largest representation and took the leading part in the discussions. Jesuits in attendance, besides the faculty of St. Ignatius College, Cleveland, were: Father Nevils, Georgetown; Father Rankin, Fordham; Father Walsh, Philadelphia; Fathers Ahern and Johnson, Buffalo; Fathers McGarvy and Geoghan, Boston; Father Earls, Worcester; Father Doran, Detroit; Father Fox, Campion; Father Pernin, Chicago; Mr. Brickel and Mr. Manning, Toledo.

Detroit. The University Bequest.—By the will of the late Mrs. Catherine Weir, the Law School is made residuary legatee of her property. After paying all expenses the Law School will inherit some $35,000.00. Her deceased

husband's law library had been donated by her before her death.

KANSAS. *St. Mary's College.*—On October 18, 1919, a tract of land amounting to six and one-half acres, between the college property and the City of St. Mary's, known as the Brick Yard property, was purchased by the College from L. B. Leach for the sum of $2,475.00.

Two of the old frame buildings pertaining to this propety, on the south side of Mission street, have been wrecked since the purchase. Plans are under way to wreck the old kilns and and clean up the grounds, with a view to moving the west entrance of the College Park out to First street. The removal of the unsightly ruins of the old Brick Yard industry will make a much desired improvement at the Mission street entrance to the grounds, The salvage from the old plant, especially the brick and steel, will prove very valuable in the construction of contemplated college buildings.

In August, 1919, the college farm of two thousand acres, excluding the land upon which the college buildings are erected, was leased to Ohio oil speculators. Following this lead the greater portion of the land in Pottawatomie County was leased to the same company, with the result that interest in the oil business is keen in these parts. Oklahoma oil-kings have made thorough surveys and pronounce favorably on the prospects.

Last year, from June 14th to 17th, 1919, St. Mary's College, Kansas, celebrated the golden Jubilee of the granting of its charter. Several distinguished prelates attended the ceremony, among them the Bishop of Galveston, Rt. Rev. Christopher Byrne a graduate of the College. This college, an outgrowth of an old Jesuit mission school has a fine record of Catholic education of boys from many states, and, as was to be expected, was well represented in the war. Seven hundred and fifty took part in the struggle, and of these, nineteen died in service, four were killed in action, four decorated, and several cited for bravery.

Holy Rosary Mission. A New Sioux Dictionary and Bible History.—Father Buechel, the superior of the mission, is engaged in completing and improving a Sioux dictionary, a work originally compiled by Rev. S. R. Riggs, a Presbyterian minister. Since the dictionary is for the most part composed in the Santee dialect, Father Buechel found it necessary to translate it into Teton, the language commonly spoken by the Sioux of Rosebud and Pine Ridge Reservations. Father Superior is also publishing a Teton translation of the Bible History. It will be the first work of its kind in that tongue. Both of the translations will answer a real need among our missionaries. English, of course, is the only language employed in the Mission School. But to do effective missionary work a mastery of the dialect is indispensable and will be for another generation.

MILWAUKEE. *Father Noonan's Answer to the Resignation of five doctors in the Medical School and the Medical College attached to the University*—The medical profession owes Father Noonan, President of Marquette University, a hearty vote of thanks for the clearness and conciseness with which he recently expressed the only answer which Christian or Jew or any believer in the Decalogue can possibly give to the question: "May a doctor kill a child when the mother's life is in jeopardy?" His statement was issued after the resignation of five doctors from the college staff and is here reprinted in full:

"In regard to the disputed question referred to, on account of which five professors have ceased to teach in Marquette Medical School, it may be stated that the lives of both mother and child are sacred in the eyes of God and equally protected by His Divine, unchangeable law.

It was never asserted that the baby's life comes first. The moral law forbids a physician to sacrifice a mother's life to save a child's, or a baby's life to save that of the mother. He cannot destroy either life without violating the Divine commandment, "Thou shalt not kill."

To say that a doctor who refuses to kill a child, when a mother's life is in jeopardy, really murders the mother—just as a man commits suicide who refuses all food—is to absurdly suppose that the destruction of life is to be put in the same class with the taking of food, drink and air, which are ordinary means that the Divine command obliges us to use to conserve life.

There are three and only three cases of justifiable killing: self-defense, capital punishment and a just war. Reason forces us thus to intrepret the Divine mandate "Thou shalt not kill" in order to avoid charging an infinitely wise legislator with self-contradiction.

Now this, whether the motive be to protect the honor of a woman or to save a woman's life, cannot be put under any one of the above three cases of justifiable killing.

It is, therefore, direct murder, and a dozen good motives will not justify an evil act. If a physician kills a child to save its mother he acts in accordance with the false principle that "the end justifies the means;" he substitutes expediency for morality and adopts that utilitarian standard of morals which precipitated the war."

OMAHA. *Father Feld Wins Prize for Pershing Song.*—Father Wm. F. Feld, instructor in Latin and public speaking in Creighton university, won the $50 prize offered by the Lincoln Rotary Club for a song dedicated to General Pershing. Father Feld wrote both words and music of "Hail to the Knight of the Nation,'" the winning song.

Educational note. Our Curriculum Upheld.—At a meeting of the Presidents and Deans of the Ohio Colleges, held at Columbus, April 1st, practically the whole time was devoted to a discussion of the development of the Liberal Arts. It

was the consensus of opinion that this department was the most important from a truly educational viewpoint, i. e., character training and the development of cultured, influential citizens. It was admitted that our present day high schools are not preparing candidates efficiently for entrance into this department; that the requirement for entrance of fifteen or sixteen credits was insufficient unless these credits were of a specified kind, implying continuity of earnest study in few branches, chosen with a view to mental training rather than practical information. The establishment in each city of an old-fashioned classical academy, preparing students for college, was earnestly advocated. Those colleges were deemed particularly fortunate that had a preparatory department of their own. Electivism in high school and in college was scored severely. The educators present were outspoken in advocating a fixed and rigid course, with but a very limited choice of ancillary subjects. The hope was expressed that two or three colleges of the State would devote themselves exclusively to the domain of the College of Arts with but few departments. The superiority of the classical course for mental training and character formation was emphasized. The deans of various professional departments stated that it was their firm conviction that high school students who had followed a classical course were better prepared, e. g., for engineering or medicine, than those who had begun specializing earlier by taking high school sciences. The president of the Municipal University of Cincinnati emphasized also the need of more attention to courses in religion. In a word, the ideal held up was none other than the old-fashioned curriculum offered in all our Jesuit institutions.

SERVICE RECORD OF PROVINCE CHAPLAINS

Father Edward P. Anderson.—Commissioned as Chaplain, U. S. Army, August 29, 1918, and assigned to the transport "Kursk"; made two trips to Brest with troops before the end of the war. Assigned to Debarkation Hospital in New York City, November 22, 1918. Discharged March 17, 1919.

Father Edward J. Bracken.—Commissioned August 14, 1918; assigned to Headquarters, 1st Detention Camp, 164th Depot Brigade, Camp Funston, Kansas. Remained at Camp Funston until discharged, December 2, 1918.

Father William J. Corboy.—Commissioned February 12, 1918; assigned to 314th Ammunition Train, 89th Division. Overseas from July 10, 1918, to May 24, 1919. With regiment on St. Mihiel front from September 12 to November 11, 1918. Discharged at Camp Dodge, Iowa, June 5, 1919. From November 11, 1917, to date of commission, Father Corboy was K. of C. Chaplain at Camp Funston, Kansas.

Father Louis A. Falley.—Commissioned in October, 1918; assigned to 64th Infantry, 7th Division. Overseas from November, 1918, to June, 1919. Previous to commission

Father Falley was K. of C. Chaplain for two months at Camp Johnston, Fla.

Father Ignatius A. Hamill.—K. of C. Chaplain, appointed May 18, 1918. Sailed for France June 15, 1918. Engaged in ministerial and welfare work at Blois, July, 1918, to February, 1919, then for three months at Tours, then sent to Commercy as Hospital Chaplain. Returned to United States in September, 1919.

Father William T. Kane. — Commissioned January 11, 1918; assigned to 110th Ammunition Train, 35th Division. Overseas from May 19, 1918, to April 20, 1919. Engagements: Vosges sector, St. Mihiel offensive, Meuse-Argonne offensive, Sommedieue sector. Citation for Meuse-Argonne offensive. Discharged at Camp Funston, Kansas, May 22, 1919.

Father Charles A. McDonnell.—Commissioned September 17, 1919; assigned as Army Post Chaplain to Fort Sam Houston, Texas, October 1, 1919, where he remained until discharged after the signing of the armistice.

Father John T. Mortell.—Commissioned December 6, 1917; assigned to 307th Engineers, 82nd Division. Overseas from May 18, 1918, to March 24, 1919. Engagements: Marbasche sector and the Argonne. Discharged at Fort Sheridan, Ill., May 25, 1919.

Father Henry P. Milet.—Commissioned July 31, 1918; assigned to 333rd Infantry, 84th Division, transferred to 132nd Infantry, 33rd Division, Nov. 13, 1918. Overseas from September, 1918, to May, 1919. Discharged May 31, 1919.

Father Charles M. Ryan.—Commissioned in 16th Artillery, Fourth Division, Regular U. S. Army. Overseas from May 23, 1918; to July 20, 1919. With regiment in severe fighting from August 6, 1918, to the end of the war. Spent three days in the field hospital during the hard fighting of the Meuse-Argonne as a result of gas. Recommended for decoration by his commanding officer and by the Divisional Senior Chaplain. Commission resigned, October 23, 1919.

Father Charles A. Schuetz.—Commissioned June 30, 1918; assigned to Base Hospital, Camp Grant, Ill.; transferred September 4th to Base Hospital, Fort Sheridan, Ill., remaining there till discharged, April 5, 1919.

Father Henry S. Spalding.—K. of C. Chaplain, appointed May 28, 1918; assigned to Camp Johnson, Jacksonville, Fla., remaining there until discharged, August 12, 1918.

Father Archibald J. Tallmadge.—Commissioned July 23, 1918; assigned to Marine Training Station, Paris Island, S. C.; transferred in September to Spartanburg, S. C., and in December to Camp Johnson, Fla., where he remained until discharged, March 14, 1919. From August, 1917, to date of commission, Father Tallmadge was K. of C. Chaplain at Camp Johnson, Fla.

Father Robert F. Tallmadge.—Commissioned September 16, 1918; assigned to Base Hospital, Camp Lee, Va., where he re-

mained until discharged, March 31, 1919. Previous to his commission, Father Tallmadge served for two months as K. of C. Chaplain at Camp Johnson, Jacksonville, Fla.

The following had been accepted and were on the waiting list for the commissions when the armistice was signed: Fathers William F. Foley, Bernard A. Foote, William F. Hendrix, John E. Knipscheer, Adolph J. Kuhlman, Joseph A. McLaughlin, and Francis J. Meyer.

NEW YORK.—*St. Francis Xavier's College. Large Attendance.* The number of students in attendance in the high school department this year was 534, which surpasses all records. The Grammar School, comprising the four upper grades of the grammar school course, had an attendance of 127, giving a sum total of 661 boys for the past year.

Woodstock Aid Drive.—This year the students of the High School set $2,000 as their goal in their campaign for the Woodstock Aid. Their earnestness and zeal enabled them to double that amount in a very short time, and, at the end of the drive, to present to Rev. Father Provincial a check for $4,000. Later in the year, the dramatic club of the high school gave a play a second time for the benefit of Woodstock.

Military Activities. — On May 26, Lieutenant-General Robert Lee Bullard, Commander of the Second Army, A. E. F., and at present Commander of the Department of the East, reviewed the battalion, at the Ninth Regiment Armory.

The Cadet Battalion of the High School, during the past school-year, has given more exhibition drills and taken part in more parades and competitive drills than during preceding years. Its commandant, Douglas Donald, a regular army officer appointed by the War Department, has been promoted to the rank of captain. Wide publicity was given to the school by the fact that he was in charge of Xavier as an examining station for civilians desiring to enter officers' training schools. This work continued from July 8 to November 11, 1918. The young men might enlist for the Infantry Officers' Training School at Camp Lee, Virginia, or the Machine Gun Officers' Training School at Camp Hancock, Georgia, or the Field Artillery Officers' Training School at Camp Taylor, Kentucky. There were two other examination stations in New York, Columbia University and New York University, but as the army officers were hardly ever there, the men came to Xavier. On November 1, another officer was ordered to open an office in the Hall of Records. Long before this, when school opened in September, the number of applicants was so large, that the Department Commander, General J. Franklin Bell, suggested that Captain Donald open an office at 19 West 44th Street, and have the men come there instead of bothering the school. This was done, but as the advertisment stated that Xavier was a place where one might enlist, applicants continued to come, and were sent from there to West 44th Street. About the middle of

September, when the S. A. T. C. was organized, applicants might apply at any college having a unit of the Students Army Training Corps. Still, the greater number of applicants continued to come to Captain Donald, and eventually he had three captains, two stenographers, an army field clerk and a private assist him in the work. Fifteen hundred were enrolled at Xavier, most of them for Camp Lee.

Military Mass and Sodality Reception.—The military mass, at which the Cadet Battalion of the High School and the Xavier Grammar School Cadets attended, took place on the 8th of May. Eighty-six were received into the Sodality of Our Lady. The mass was celebrated by Father P. J. Casey, the Principal of the High School. After the mass there was solemn benediction. The sermon on this occasion was preached by the Rev. J. H. Southwick of St. Ann's Church. Father Southwick is an alumnus of the school.

Honors for Father John Wynne.—At the regular monthly meeting of the New York Chapter of the Knights of Columbus held on Mar. 7, at the Hotel Commodore, Father John Wynne, the retiring chaplain, was presented with a set of engrossed resolutions and some valuable presents, as an expression of the chapter's appreciation of his long and faithful service as chaplain. The meeting was very largely attended by delegates and members from every council in the chapter.

Father Stadelman's Work for the Blind. Alumnae Volunteers Transcribe Books for Blind.—A new field of apostolate has been entered by the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae. It is to give light to the blind. An appeal for volunteers is sent out by the Department of Education, Bureau for the Blind, to give their leisure to the study of Revised Braille. This is the uniform type for the blind decided upon by an international commission in 1918. Since the great library of Catholic books produced during twenty years by that efficient pioneer worker for our Catholic blind, the Rev. Joseph M. Stadelman, S. J., of the Xavier Free Publication Society for the Blind, New York City, is printed almost entirely in New York Point or American Braille, it is quite evident that the new generation of readers will be unfamiliar with this form of type. As Miss Clara Louise Banton, chairman of the Bureau for the Blind, and holder of a Red Cross certificate in Revised Braille, writes in the Federation's official organ:

Now, this means that Father Stadelman's life-work will reach only the blind of this generation. Can you sympathize with an apostle who lives to see conditions so changed that his almost superhuman efforts are not the permanent help for which he prayed and worked? That even now, his shelves are filled with the output of a discontinued system? It is a tragedy for him, and it reduces Catholic books for the next generation of blind to a minimum.

Undaunted by the decision of the commission, Father Stadelman immediately mastered Revised Braille and has already a half-dozen books completed in the new standard type. But we can help him fill his shelves with transcriptions in the new Revised Braille, if only we can resurrect the spirit of the manuscript workers of the Ancient Church. Father Stadelman will then complete his life-work. Our Catholic blind will be able to compete with their contemporaries in secular and religious knowledge. There is but one way to put a library of Catholic Books into the hands of the blind, and the leisure of Catholic Alumnae will make it possible.—*America.*

The Messenger of the Sacred Heart.—Important Notice. We have tried every possible means not to increase the subscription price of *The Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, but the latest advances in the cost of paper and printing make it no longer possible for us to furnish the magazine for 50 cents a year. Our purpose in publishing *The Messenger of the Sacred Heart* is to promote the devotion known as the Apostleship of Prayer in league with the Sacred Heart and to provide good Catholic reading for our Catholic families throughout the country. Our low price has enabled us to obtain a subscription list of 360,000. From April 1 the subscription price of *The Messenger of the Sacred Heart* was made $1.00 a year. The new charge will enable us, we hope, toward the end of the present year, to improve *The Messenger of the Sacred Heart* and make it more worthy of the great cause it advocates.

The Pilgrim of Our Lady of Martyrs as a Mission Magazine. *The Pilgrim of Our Lady of Martyrs* was established in 1885 as an organ of the Shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs at Auriesville, N. Y., the place where Father Isaac Jogues and René Goupil were martyred. Its aim was also to promote the cause of the Beatification of the Jesuit martyrs in the old French missions among the Indians. A year later it took up additional work as "The Little Messenger of the Sacred Heart," and the organ of the Sodalities of our Blessed Lady in the United States. This continued until 1897. In recent years it has been devoted to the interests of the Shrine, to the cause of the martyrs who died at Auriesville, to the American and other missions past and present. In view of the widespread interest for foreign missions that has recently been aroused it has been decided to emphasize the character of *The Pilgrim* as a mission magazine.—*The Messenger.*

Auriesville News.—Those interested in the beatification of Father Isaac Jogues, S. J., and of the Jesuit missionaries of New York and Canada who died at the hands of the Indians for the faith of Christ, will be pleased to learn that the cause is progressing. A meeting was held recently in Quebec in connection with the process. Father T. Hudon, S. J. has been appointed Vice-Postulator of the cause of the martyrs.

American Priests in Foreign Fields. — The following American priests are now laboring in our new mission of Bombay-Poona:

Rev. Thomas J. Barrett, S. J., Karachi, India; Rev. William Bennett, S. J., Bombay, India; Rev. Edward T. Farrell, S. J., Karachi, India; Rev. Eugene Kieffer, S. J., Hyderabad, India; Rev. Denis Lynch, S. J., Bombay, India; Rev. Herbert J. Parker, S. J., Bandra, India; Rev. Francis J. Rudden, S. J., Igatpuri, India; Rev. Henry I. Westroop, S. J., Poona, India.

In other foreign mission fields we have:

Rt. Rev. William F. O'Hare, S. J., Jamaica, West Indies; Rev. Mark J. McNeal, S. J., Tokio, Japan; Rev. William M. McDonough, S. J., Zamboanga, Mindanao, P. I.; Rev. John J. Thompkins, S. J., Vigan, Philippines; Rev. Thomas A. Emmet, S. J., Jamaica, West Indies; Rev. Joseph A. Canning, S. J., Jamaica, West Indies; Rev. Daniel I. Cronin, S. J., Jamaica, West Indies; Rev. Francis X. Delany, S. J., Jamaica, West Indies; Rev. Francis de S. Howle, S. J., Jamaica, West Indies; Rev. Francis J. Kelly, S. J., Jamaica, West Indies; Rev. P. F. X. Mulry, S. J., Jamaica, West Indies; Rev. James J. O'Connor, S. J., Jamaica, West Indies; Rev. John A. Pfister, S. J., Jamaica, West Indies; Rev. Joseph F. Ford, S. J., Jamaica, West Indies; Rev. Joseph L. Healy, S. J., Jamaica, West Indies; Rev. Thomas B. Chetwood, S. J., Jamaica, West Indies; Rev. James V. Kelly, S. J., Jamaica, West Indies; Rev. Frederick J. Grewen, S. J., Jamaica, West Indies; Rev. Aloysius T. Higgins, S. J., Jamaica, West Indies; Brother Daniel J. Culkin, S. J., Jamaica, West Indies.—*The Pilgrim.*

Jesuit Missions.—The following is the official number of Jesuits in the mission fields for 1919:

Albania, 23; Armenia, 8; Ceylon, 48; Assam Mission, India, 6; Bengal Mission, India, 222; Bombay-Poona Mission, India, 55; Goa Mission, India, 26; Madura Mission, India 189; Mangalore Mission, India, 72; Japan, 8; Canton Mission, China, 12; Nanking Mission, China, 195; Southeast Tcheu-Li Mission, China, 79; Syria, 68; Egypt Mission, 82; Cape Colony and South Rhodesia Mission, Africa, 85; North Rhodesia Mission, Africa, 17; Congo Mission, Africa, 45; Madagascar Missions, Africa, 114; Eskimo Mission, Alaska, 30; Canadian Indian Mission, 35; Dakota Indian Mission, 35; Rocky Mountain Indian Mission, 14; Mexican Indian Mission, 14; British Guiana Mission, 20; Jamaica Mission, West Indies, 20; Celebes Mission, Oceanica, 7; Flores Mission, Oceanica, 11; Java Mission, Oceanica, 54; Mindanao Missions, Oceanica, 68; British Honduras Mission, 29.—*The Pilgrim.*

PHILADELPHIA. *The Church Renovation.*—The vast structure of scaffolding which now almost half fills the great nave of the Gesù has made it abundantly evident that the long-contemplated work of renovation and decoration has at last begun. The first uprights and planks were set in position

on Tuesday, February 24th, and we are happy to say that so far our religious services have not been in any way interfered with by the bewildering forest of woodwork that has gradually been mounting higher and higher. The only real change of note has been the advancement of the children's mass; but to judge from the hundreds of children who came to mass and Holy Communion during the Novena of Grace, one would not think that our little boys and girls found it too hard to get up half an hour earlier, even on snowy mornings.

The Novena of Grace.—The many features of devotion which have usually marked the Novena of Grace in the Gesù were to be seen this year. The congregations, both in in the afternoon and in the evening, were very large, and all who came seemed fully to appreciate the opportunity of listening to Father Mark J. McNeal, S. J., an American Missionary from Japan who is completely conversant with the present needs of the Church in that country, and who besides possesses a most intimate and familiar knowledge of the great work of St. Francis Xavier, and of other missionaries who labored and died for the faith in the land of the Mikado. Through the generosity of Rev. Fr. Rector, the collection on the last night of the Novena of Grace was donated to the endowment fund of the Catholic University of Japan, in Tokyo.

Our Lady of the Gesù. The Sodalities.—There is something in this title which we take the liberty of inventing that emphasizes one of the most striking features of our parish, and if anyone will observe and study the devotions that have won and held the hearts of our people, he will find that, going hand-in-hand with devotion to the Sacred Heart, there is an unbounded and ever-active love for Our Lady. In no parish that we know of or have ever heard of is there a a greater number of sodalities that are larger or more faithfully attended. This, of course, indicates and denotes a practical and unfaltering devotion to the Blessed Virgin who is for all, whether young or old, a most loving Mother, Queen, Patroness and Advocate, and who, as such, is well remembered from one end of the year to the other.

Confirmation in the Eastern Penitentiary.—An impressive scene took place lately in the Eastern State Penitentiary when His Grace the Most Reverend Archbishop administered the Sacrament of Confirmation in the Catholic chapel of the institution. His Grace was assisted by the Rev. Joseph A. Whitaker, S. T. L., his secretary; the Rev. Mark J. McNeal, S. J., a missionary, of Tokyo, Japan, the Rev. John J. Bernard, S. J., the Rev. Michael J. O'Shea, S. J., of the Church of the Gesù, who is chaplain of the penitentiary, and the Rev. Charles E. Bowles, chaplain of the County Prison at Holmesburg.

In the class were twenty two men of various races and nationalities. One of the number was a Chinaman, who is

serving a life sentence for murder, and who was attracted to the True Faith by a cellmate, a zealous and devout Catholic. He was baptised during the recent mission conducted by the Rev. Charles J. McIntyre, S. J.

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS. *Workers in the Leper Colony of Culion.*—Father Francis Rello, S. J., who left Woodstock in 1910, is one of the three heroic Jesuits stationed among the lepers on Culion Island, in the Philippine group. Father Rello, S. J., and Father Philip Millan, S. J., assisted by Brother Murray, S. J., look after the spiritual welfare of more than 4,000 lepers. The hospitals are under the care of the Sisters of St. Paul de Chartres. Father Thomas A. Becker, S. J., now on the faculty of Boston College, was for some time a member of this heroic little Jesuit community on Culion Island.

ROME. *Notes.*—The Roman Catalogue contains some names in the *Curia* that are not in our 1920 catalogue. Fathers Pierre de Champs de St. Leger (Prov. Franc.), Otto Werner (Prov. Austr.), and Nicephorus del Páramo (Prov. Leon), are now substitute secretaries. Besides Father Ferreres, Father Besson, (Prov. Tolos.), and Father Thill, former Provincial of Germany, form the committee for the revision of the Institute. Fathers Goetstowers (Prov. Belg.) and Fathers Sienienski (Prov. Polon.) are special secretaries to the General. Fathers Rabeneck (Prov. Germ.) Perez Goyena (Prov. Cast.) and Gonthier (Prov. Lugd.) are Revisores Generales. His Eminence Cardinal Billot, who lives at the Pio Latino, where it is impossible to tell him from any other father of the community, Father Nalbone, who is Visitor to the Roman Province, and Father Miccinelli, Provincial of Rome but now Visitor to Sicily, have separate pages in the Catalogue.

There are fourteen biennists in Rome, of whom eight attend courses at the Gregorian, three at the Oriental Institute and three at the Biblical Institute.

Father Filograssi, Prefect of Studies and Professor of Old Testament and Hebrew at the Gregorian, is also Consultor of the Congregation for the Oriental Churches; Father Geny, Professor of Logic and Ontol., Consultor of the Congregation of Seminaries; Father Vidal, Professor of Canon Law, of the Congregations of Sacraments, of Religious and of the Code; Father Vermeersch, Professor of Moral Theology, of those of the Sacraments and of Religious; Father Ojetti, Professor of Canon Law, of those of the Consistory, of Rites, of Propagation of the Faith, of the Code, and Extraordinary Ecclesiastical Affairs. Father Steiger, Professor of Canon Law, and of Religious.

There are only thirteen scholastics in the Colleges, only one or two of whom do any teaching, as for this a degree is required; the rest are prefects. There are thirteen novices, all at present in the Province of Turin, and six Juniors; also

at Turin or Naples. The Theologians at the Gregorian number thirty-one and the Philosophers twenty-nine. A Fourth-year Father is Superior of the Philosophers. At the Collegio Massineo here in Rome, besides Ours, there are seven secular priests and thirty laymen teaching classes, and seven laymen prefects. The boys wear military uniforms.

The Gregorian has 738 students, as against 393 last year, but 1107 in 1914. They come from thirty-seven religious orders, and fifteen national seminaries. The Irish, Canadians and Americans go to the Propaganda. Naturally the quality of theology they all actually learn depends on the quality of the repetitores each college or order has, and that varies. The American College has no repetitores at all, no circles or repetitons, but examinations at the Propaganda twice a year.

The schedule at the Gregorian is much like ours, with these exceptions: There is Church History every day in first year theology except Saturday, when they have Christian archaeology with a separate professor. No Canon Law in first year; that comes in second year every day at ten A. M. Moral Theology every day for both years at 8 A. M. There are three professors of Fundamental Theology in first year. Father Van Laak, De Ecclesia and De Traditione four days (hours) a week; Father Rosadini, Introductio in Sacram Scripturam, (New and Old Testament,) two days (hours) a week; and Father Fabbri, De Revelatione and De Inspiratione, four hours a week. Hebrew is optional in philosophy, but if not taken then, must be had in theology. Short course theology has Hebrew twice a week. Biblical Greek once a week for third-year theology, long and short course. Second-year philosophy, has four hours cosmology, one hour physiology and one hour experimental psychology. Third year philosophy has Ars Sacra — architecture and decoration once a week.

WASHINGTON. *St. Aloysius Parish.—Successful Campaign for New School.* The entire parish is happy. A genuina miracle was worked in our midst—$135,000 was raised in ten days for the new school; $100,000 was raised for the purpose less than three years ago. Nearly a quarter of a million dollars is a great amount of money. "The Little Flower," our special patron, will soon be beatified if our grateful prayers can bring it about. The day the work on the school began was the Feast of the Visitation; the drive began on the Feast of St. Francis Xavier, a saint so dear to our parish. We raised $35,000 that day. We went over the top in five days, just half the time assigned. We reached our goal of $100,000. This was on the feast of the Immaculate Conception. It is Our Lady's School, Notre Dame Academy. Then we went after $30,000 more, which will really be needed, and at the end of ten days we had $135,000. When the Mass of Thanksgiving was said in the the very early hours of the next day, the Mass began with

the word "Gaudete." The Church was rejoicing in our triumph. "The Little Flower" drove away the rain and brought out the sun for the laying of the corner-stone that afternoon, and our beloved Cardinal Gibbons was here to crown the joyous occasion by his kindly and venerable presence.

The Novena of Grace.—Over ten thousand persons made the great Novena in Honor of St. Ignatius and St. Francis Xavier at St. Aloysius. The services from 7 o'clock in the morning to 8:15 in the evening, eight in all, were attended by great numbers. It is estimated that three thousand persons were present at the services at 7:30 in the upper and lower churches. This wonderful outpouring of people, together with their great faith and confidence in God, excited admiration on all sides. God's love and mercy were shown in the many favors granted.

WORCESTER. *Holy Cross College. The Decennial Record.*—The Decennial Record is full of interest. We content ourselves, however, with submitting the following figures:

The total number of graduates from 1848 to 1898 inclusive was 675. The first Decennial Record, published in 1909, edited by the President of the College, Rev. Thomas E. Murphy, S. J., gave the total number of graduates to 1908 inclusive, as 1095, of whom 207 were dead and 888 living. The total number of graduates from 1849 to 1919 inclusive is 2041, of whom 394 are dead and 1647 living. This number, with the increase of 127 of the Class of '20 will give us 1874 living graduates in all. The following table gives the figures for 1899, 1909 and 1920 (1919 inclusive) according to

CLASSIFICATION BY PROFESSIONS

	1899	1909	1920
Clergymen	242	356	534
Physicians and surgeons	103	168	234
Lawyers	94	164	262
Business	51	105	415
Teachers	32	96	218
Ecclesiastical students	60	67	59
Medical students	29	36	49
Law Students	14	34	43
Students			37
Journalists	8	16	28
Miscellaneous	42	23	85
Blanks		28	77

Reception to Bishop Hickey.—In honor of his elevation to the episcopate, a testimonial of respect and esteem was accorded, December 18, 1919, to Rt. Rev. William A. Hickey, D. D., '90, coadjutor bishop of Providence. Mass was celebrated in the main chapel by the Right Reverend Bishop, and was attended by Rev. James J. Carlin, S. J., rector, members of the faculty and the students. Rev. George L. Coyle, S. J., was chaplain to the bishop, and Mr. Hugh S. Healy, S. J., acted

as master of ceremonies. A special musical program was directed by Rev. Michael Earls, S. J. Afterward, at 10:30, an academy of congratulation and God-speed was held in Fenwick hall.

Retreat for Laymen. The annual Laymen's Retreat was concluded on the morning of Labor Day, 1919. The exercises were conducted by Rev. Robert Swickerath, S. J. The exercitants, who numbered about two hundred, occupied the rooms in Alumni and Beaven Halls and attended the exercises in the Students' Chapel. The results of the Retreat were intensely gratifying to the Director.

ZAMBESI. *The new Prefect Apostolic.*—Rev. Father Edw. Parry, long stationed at Salisbury, has been appointed Prefect Apostolic in succession to the Rt. Rev. Mgr. Sykes, who has vacated the position on account of ill-health. Father Parry went to Zambesi from Glasgow some ten years ago. He was Prefect General of St. Aloysius' College, Glasgow, for five years. He endeared himself to all at Salisbury, where his parish embraced a district as wide as England itself. We hope to speak of his installation in our next number.—*Letters and Notices.*

HOME NEWS. *Greetings to the Rev. Father Visitor.*—On March 14, an academy with the following program was given by the Theologians and Philosophers to greet Rev. Father Visitor, Norbert de Boynes, S. J., on the occasion of his first visit to Woodstock.

PART I. *Le Regiment de Sambre-et-Meuse* (*Turlet*); Orchestra. *Greetings from the Philosophers;* Mr. Goggin. Violin Solo; *Gondoliera—Suite III* (*Franz Riez*), *Traume* (*Wagner*); Mr. Avery. *Bienvenue*, Mr. Lavoie. Quartet; *A Summer's Lullaby* (*Gibson*), *Little Indian* (*Stevenson-Bartlett*); Mr. Connors, Mr. Swift, Mr. Gallagher, Mr. Ryan.

PART II. Overture, (*R. Gruenwald*); Orchestra. Verse; *Brother to Brother*, Mr. Flannigan. Vocal Solo; *Crucifix* (*Faure*), *The Horn*, (*Flégier*); Mr. Swift. *Greetings from the Theologians*, Mr. Bernhardt. *U. S. Field Artillery March* (*Sousa*); Orchestra.

Academy in Honor of St. Thomas Aquinas. The feast of St. Thomas Aquinas, patron of the Theologians, was honored by an academy with the following program:

PART I. *Black Diamond Overture* (*Gruenwald*) Orchestra. *Catholicism and Happiness*, A Discussion; Fr. Herzog. Violin Solo; *Rondo in G* (*Beethoven*), *Mazurka de Concert* (*Musin*); Mr. Avery. *A Man and His Saints*, An elegy; Mr. Talbot. Quartet, *A Summer's Lullaby* (*Gibson*), *Little Indian*, (*Stevenson-Bartlett*); Mr. Connors, Mr. Swift, Mr. L. Gallagher, Mr. Ryan.

PART. II. Trio, (violin-flute-piano) *Spring's Awakening* Mr. Leavey. *Thuggee—The Religion of the Thugs*, A Narrative, Mr. Boyton. Baritone Solo; *Crucifix* (*Faure*), *Devon* (*Em. Bach*), *Gondoliera* (*Mendlessohn*); Mr. Avery, Mr. Crean,

O Devon! (*Stanford*); Mr. Swift. *Three Streams and One*, An Allegory; Mr. Strohaver. *Sierra Morena* (Valse Espagnole), (*Marchetti*); Orchestra.

Spring Disputations. The spring disputations were held on April 19 and 20. In theology: *De Actu Fidei*, Mr. C. L. Bernhardt, defender; Messrs. F. L. Archdeacon and J. M. Leavey, objectors. *De Scriptura Sacra*, Mr. A. J. Sheehan, defender; Messrs. D. J. Quigley and J. F. MacDonnell, objectors.

In philosophy: *Ex Ethica*, Mr. P. J. Higgins, defender; Messrs. L. A. Walsh and J. P. Sweeney, objectors. *Ex Psychologia*, Mr. J. E. McManus, defender; Messrs. G. R. Stearns and B. V. Shea, objectors. *Ex Critica*, Mr. S. L. O'Beirne, defender; Messrs. R. M. Sullivan and A. L. Whall, objectors. History of Philosophy: "*Ireland in Alcuin*," Essayist, Mr. T. Feeney. Experimental Psychology, "*Reaction Time*," Lecturer, Mr. A. L. Bouwhuis. Chemistry, "*Woodstock Water Supply*," Lecturer, Mr. L. Logue.

Academies. The programs of the Theologians' and Philosophers' Academies for the scholastic year 1919–1920 are as follows:

Theologians' Academy: Oct. 2. *Punishment in the External Forum*, Mr. William I. Lonergan. Oct. 23. *The Psychology of the Incarnation*, Mr. Albert H. Klocke. Nov. 6. *Popular Pauline Piety*, Rev. Thomas J. Quinn. Dec. 11. *Guilds of the Middle Ages*, Mr. Aloysius M. Thibbitts. Jan. 8. *St. Augustine's Teaching on the Fate of Unbaptized Infants*, Rev. Francis X. Doyle. Jan. 29. *The Mystical Christ in St. Paul*, Rev. Edwin D. Sanders. Feb. 12. *Browning's Idea of Redemption*, Rev. Moorehouse I. X. Millar. Mar. 4. *Old Testament Types of the Holy Eucharist*, Mr. Joseph A. Mulry. Mar. 18. *Altar Wines*, Mr. John P. Gallagher. April 15. *The Church in American Law*, Mr. Francis A. McQuade.

Philosophers' Academy.—Oct. 8. Debate. Resolved: *That the efforts of President Wilson for the establishment of the league of nations deserve the approval of the American people.* Affirmative, Mr. L. H. O'Hare and Mr. J. P. Sweeney; Negative, Mr. H. Mulqueen and Mr. H. L. Irwin. Oct. 29. *The New Poetry*, Mr. L. E. Feeney. Nov. 12. Debate. Resolved: *That the Federal authorities should inaugurate measures prohibitive of popular assemblies wherein the speakers inveigh against the American form of government.* Affirmative, Mr. D. J. Moran and Mr. L. R. Logue; Negative, Mr. D. J. Comey and Mr. H. P. McNally. Dec. 17. *Pantheism Among the Poets*, Mr. R. A. Dyson. Jan. 14. *St. Ignatius, Master Psychologist*, Mr. F. A. Mulligan. Jan. 28. Debate. Resolved: *That in Jesuit Colleges Greek should be retained as compulsory in the course leading to the degree of A. B.* Affirmative, Mr. S. L. O'Beirne and Mr. T. F. X. Leckie; Negative, Mr. T. J. Higgins and Mr. E. F. Flaherty.

Feb. 11. *Capital and Labor*, Mr. J. F. Hurley. Mar. 3. Debate. Resolved: *That Newman is an opponent of the Scholastics*. Affirmative, Mr. P. J. Clarke and Mr. J. R. O'Connell; Negative, Mr. W. J. Meagher and Mr. J. J. Moriarty. Mar. 24. *Electro-Chemistry and Some Applications*, Mr. T. J. Brown. April 14. *Colour and Colour-Sense*, Mr. J. J. Lynch.

Philosopher's Ratio Academy. Program for 1919–1920:

Autumn Term—Oct. 9. *Business Meeting*. Oct. 23. *After-Class Influence*. Mr. C. Boyton. Nov. 6. *English Composition*: *Unfolding of Predicates*, Mr. H. Irwin. Nov. 13. *Preparation of English Composition*: *A Method*, Mr. G. Hogan. Nov. 27. *Some Ratio Methods*, Mr. E. Sullivan. Dec. 11. *English Poet in First Year High*. Mr. C. Bernhardt.

Winter Term—Dec. 18. *Prelection in English Poet*, Mr. H. Mulqueen. Jan. 8. *Greek in Third Year High*, Mr. W. Hannas. Jan. 15. *An Ode of Horace: A Prelection*, Mr. J. Brennan. Jan. 22. *English Prose Author in Second Year High*, Mr. F. Archdeacon. Jan. 29. *Latin and Greek Themes*, Mr. A. Sheehan. Feb. 12. *History in Freshman*, Mr. D Creeden.

Spring Term—Feb. 19. *Prelection in Greek Author*, Mr. A. Bleicher. Mar. 4. *Virgil in Third Year High*, Mr. C. Bulman. Mar. 18. *Prelection in Virgil*, Mr. P. Higgins. Apr. 15. *Suggestion in Literature*, Moderator. Apr. 22. *Final Meeting*.